Theatre Magazine

35 cents

FEBRUARY, 1925

MISS BILLIE BURKE

Confessions of a Playwright

By SYDNEY ROSENFELD

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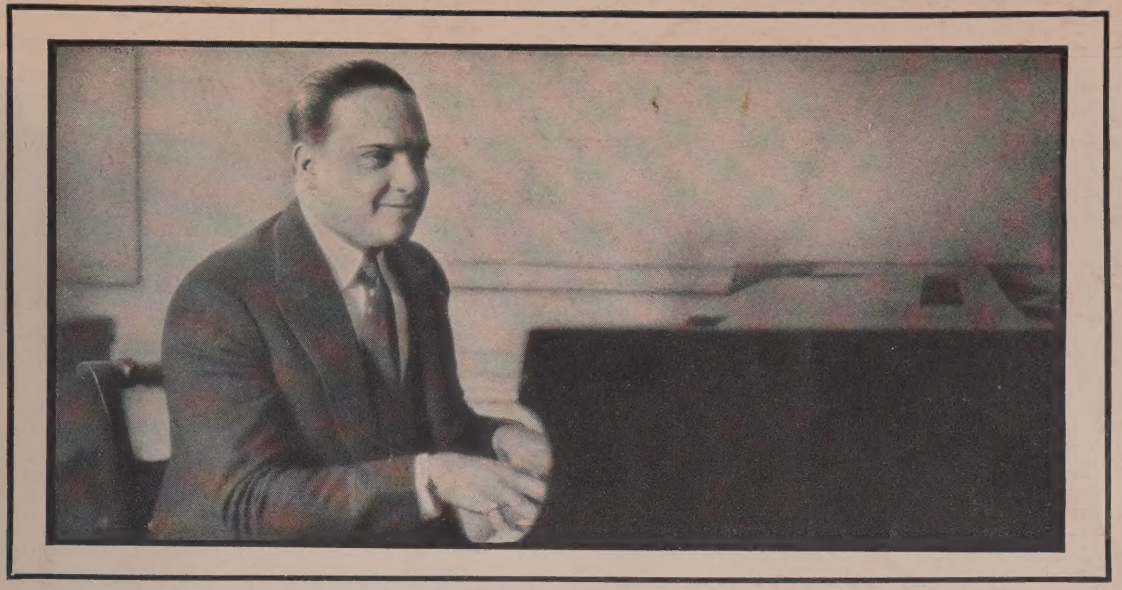

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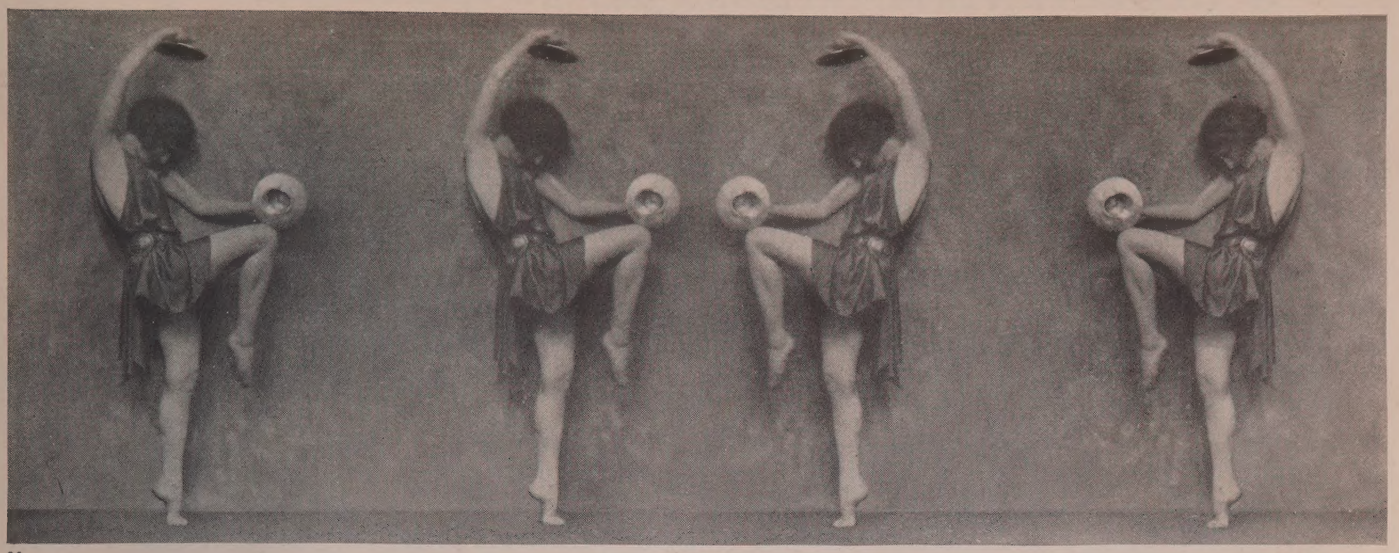

Muray

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IN OUR NEXT ISSUE: Do you know the Chinese theatre—the romance of Ying Ying? A brilliant article on the matinée idols and well-loved plays of New York's Chinatown in our March issue. ☙ You saw *The Guardsman* and his wife on the stage. See them at tea in their own home. ☙ A delightful interview with Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt, in which they give their views of the artist's married life. ☙ *The Poet in Our Theatre To-day.* An interesting article estimating the relative importance to the contemporary theatre of Mansfield, Drinkwater, Phillips, MacKaye and Yeats. ☙ How and where are the plays rehearsed? An entertaining article on the strange haunts in which Broadway hits are whipped into shape and an amusing account of the methods employed, written by Lawton Mackall in his usual humorous style for our next number. ☙ A continuation of Sydney Rosenfeld's amusing anecdotes and searching reminiscences of the theatre during the last twenty-five years. ☙ News of the theatre in Britain's metropolis. A distinguished critic writes of the new plays and the activities of actors and managers in London.

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THEATRE MAGAZINE

VOL. XL. No. 286

FEBRUARY, 1925

Maurice Goldberg

TRINI

The Flashing Beauty and Alluring Grace of This Colorful Spanish Dancer Light a Flame of Gypsy Romance in "Artists and Models"

LOVE AND PSYCHE

Easter and Hazelton, in "Annie Dear," Catch the Lyric Quality of the Classic Group in Their Beautiful Dancing of a Pagan Fantasy

Camera study by Goldberg

THEATRE MAGAZINE

ARTHUR HORNBLOW, Editor

The Editor's Uneasy Chair

The Theatre Guild and Its Actors

APROPOS of the laying of the corner-stone of the new Guild Theatre, and referring more especially to Theresa Helburn's interesting article in our January issue regarding the future scope of the Guild, a correspondent expresses disappointment that the arrangements for the new house do not include a classic night at regular intervals, a popular feature at the Théâtre Français, and which he considers properly belongs in every repertory scheme.

We are not in the confidence of the Guild directors, and are unacquainted with their policies, but, limited in financial resources and in organization as we know the Guild to be, even an outsider can realize that there would be insuperable difficulties in making a series of classic nights part of the season's bills, no matter how desirable from the view-point of education and culture such performances might be.

In the first place, the Theatre Guild is not a repertory house. It is not even a stock theatre, for it has no permanent company. It is a production theatre, differing only from the so-called commercial theatres in that it limits its runs. The commercial manager, out only for profit, will keep a play going two consecutive years if there are people enough to patronize it that long. The Theatre Guild, putting art before profit, guarantees its subscribers frequent change of bill, no matter how successful the current attraction.

Apart from the prohibitive cost—the Guild not being a State-subsidized institution like the Français, but having to balance its own budget—to attempt, with its present limited organization, to interrupt the current attraction one night by putting a classic play in the bill, would be an impossible feat, for the Guild has no actors of its own, but has to cast its play with what Broadway players happen to be available at the moment. This, of course, is a weak spot in the Guild's armor. A theatre that, each time it casts a play, is reduced to going out into the byways to find its actors, can never attain the dignity of a producing house of the first importance. A dramatic company, to have individuality, homogeneity, style, tradition, discipline, a harmonious *ensemble,* must necessarily be a permanent one. Its members must have acted together for a long time in a wide and varied repertoire. Why are the performances of the Comédie Française and the Moscow Art Theatre the admiration of the world? Not because of the virtuosity of each individual artiste, but because of those companies' magnificent *ensemble* playing, the happy result of years of acting together. The same admirable *ensemble* was attained in our own Wallack's and Daly's companies in the days that, alas, are no more.

It is not to be expected that actors hastily recruited from the street and thrown in with other actors, with whom they have never before played, can give the same smooth, finely nuanced performance, or be actuated with the same *esprit de corps,* as a well-balanced, homogeneous stock company. An instance of this loose, happy-go-lucky casting was noticed in a recent Guild production in which an experienced player overacted and put himself out of the picture, just because of this lack of artistic cohesion.

It costs money to maintain a permanent stock company. At present the Theatre Guild has practically only two actors—Miss Westley and Mr. Travers. Mr. Digges can be depended upon in an emergency. These three artists constitute the entire acting strength of the Guild, the only permanent material its directors can depend upon when casting a play. The rest of the cast has to be brought in from the street. Until the Guild succeeds in overcoming this handicap, in forming a company of its own and holding it together, it cannot hope to accomplish all its best wishers want to see it achieve. It has already shown what it can do in finding interesting plays. It has also succeeded in creating an audience. Now let it get together a company of actors. It costs—yes. But of what earthly use are multi-millionaires unless to help the deserving?

The Board of Health Should Take Action

SEVERAL times in these columns attention has been drawn to the unsanitary condition of certain New York theatres, particularly as it applies to insufficient heating during the winter months. Every theatregoer knows from painful experience that an evening spent in some Broadway playhouses involves the risk of taking a bad cold, if not pneumonia. This is because the house manager, an employé hired to look after the comfort of theatre patrons, has not sufficient intelligence to see that the house is properly heated before the audience arrives. In some theatres the heat is only just beginning to come up as the people are entering. In others the radiators remain cold throughout the performance. The result is the auditorium is like an ice-box and a most dangerous place to sit in. In some theatres, even when the radiators are working, there is such a constant draft of cold air from the front doors being allowed to remain open while the audience is arriving, that everyone is chilled to the bone.

The real reason for this uncomfortable and dangerous state of affairs is that most of the New York theatres are badly built—that is to say, built without provision for inclement or cold weather. They are really summer theatres, with the orchestra seats opening right on to the street. This is all right in summer-time, when it is very pleasant to get up from your seat and just step outside for a stroll in the cool air, but when winter comes it is quite another matter. For winter conditions the entrance is inadequately protected against the cold blasts. The ticket taker cannot close the doors because people are constantly arriving. The result is that a constant stream of icy air is pouring into the already chilled auditorium. This would not be the case if the theatre had been constructed with a winter portico or some system of double doors. It is an unsanitary condition that calls for action by the Board of Health. The danger of contracting disease in a licensed place of amusement should be as much the city's concern as the danger of fire.

Photo White, N. Y.

THOMAS WISE AS SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE IN "THE RIVALS"

Appearing with Mrs. Fiske, Chauncey Olcott and James T. Powers to commemorate the 150th anniversary of Sheridan's immortal comedy, this favorite comedian is ideally cast in the rôle of the choleric old knight

The World's Most Daring Dramatist

Author of "L'Homme et Ses Fantômes" the Most Original and Forceful of Living Dramatists

By B. F. WILSON

"Theatre Magazine's" Special Correspondent in Paris

PARIS, *December 15, 1924.*

MAURICE BOURGEOIS, who translated our own Eugene O'Neill for the Paris stage, and your correspondent were strolling along the Rue de Rivoli discussing H. R. Lenormand, author of *Failures,* and regarded to-day as the most radical of living playwrights.

"He must be a most melancholy soul," I said. "His *L'Homme et Ses Fantômes* is depressing, you can't deny that. He makes you feel that life is completely futile. I left the Odéon last night with the conviction that man's greatest effort is but the gawky gesture of a buffoon."

"Of course! Lenormand is like a surgeon. His analytical and dissective powers are unequaled by any dramatic writer in France. He has also a keen sense of humor. But for that saving grace, his analyses would bore us to extinction. He is a searcher of souls. A vast intellect. Restless. Uneasy and disturbed by the foul, malodorous secrets of humanity which he uncovers in his quest for truth. He is a very lonely man. If Lenormand could not laugh, he would have been a suicide long ago. To a man of his temperament there is no compromise. Life must be taken as a joke, an enormously funny joke. Otherwise one would go mad."

M. Bourgeois is also a reactionary. An advanced thinker, even in this nation of advanced thinkers. A radical among the writers of France. He, along with Lenormand and a handful of others, hurled a bombshell into the midst of the French stage, by bringing forward the fact that there existed plays and playwrights outside of France. M. Bourgeois made French dramatic history by the production of O'Neill's *Emperor Jones* at the Odéon, with Gémier in the title-rôle. Needless to say, the play was a sensation to the intellectuals, but far above the heads of the average, and therefore not a success.

M. BOURGEOIS and I went on our way to tea at the Lenormands. They live in the Place Victor Hugo. Five long flights of stairs land you breathless at the door of their apartment, and my only thought, after many introductions had permitted me to sink on to a couch, was how in the world some of the gray-bearded *savants* present had managed it, and whether or not they came often.

They did. M. Lenormand and his fascinating wife are at home every Saturday afternoon during the season. I discovered that most French writers live on the top floor. Stairs seem as necessary to their muse as *vin blanc.*

The men and women gathered in the room were in appearance an ordinary small group of cultured, intelligent human beings. There was no long hair or velvet smoking jackets. Well groomed, almost English in appearance, the male members stood about, tea cup in hand, chatting quietly on topics of current interest. There were names which belonged to the most famous writers, scientists, actors and philosophers in France.

I talked for some time to one of the best known beauties of Paris. Helene Miropolski is justly entitled to such renown.

H. R. LENORMAND

The author of *Failures,* done here by the Theatre Guild, is a lonely man who looks down into the souls of men from the mountain top and brings to the theatre an almost Freudian precision of human analysis

She has been one of the leading advocates in Paris for the past eight years. She was the smartest dressed woman I had seen in Paris, and striking in appearance. She has handled many American divorce cases, and her reputation as a lawyer is known from one end of France to another.

Suzanne Bianchetti, a French film star, and chum of Raquel Meller, was another of the group who caught my attention. Her simplicity and utter lack of affectation was refreshing, and as I watched her animated conversation with a famous scientist, I could not help thinking that these people were as unlike a similar American gathering as possible. Each one there that afternoon considered the other as important as himself. Each one seemed really interested in the other's achievements. An editor, a philosopher and M. Lenormand were discussing Raquel Meller. "She is one of the greatest artists in Europe today," they declared with conviction, and at that very moment the subject of their praise was singing a popular street song in a music hall some few blocks away!

Mme. Lenormand, known on the stage as Marie Kalf, moved about among her guests, wearing a gown original and daring in design. It made her look like a young edition of Sarah Bernhardt, with its high collar, and long, tight sleeves, and her reddish blonde head.

She is an excellent actress, having played opposite Gémier for some time. She created the rôle of "She" in *Failures,* done in New York by the Theatre Guild. I do not know of another woman who consciously, or unconsciously, fits the rôle of an author's wife as well as she does. She is a deep student of literature, and being an accomplished linguist, discusses with Lenormand all the literary output of other countries.

LENORMAND, himself, has of late been writing plays dealing with the psychology of the human soul. In fact, almost from the very beginning, when he wrote one- and two-act plays for the Grand Guignol in 1905 (and in those days the Grand Guignol was considered an important factor in the French theatre), this tendency to dissect human reactions to the fundamental laws governing man was already noted in his work. He was accused of imitating Ibsen when in 1914 Gémier played *Poussière,* although the critics received the play with great enthusiasm and predicted for the author future renown.

Up to this time, however, Lenormand was considered an original and daring writer, but decidedly not a box-office success. The average theatre director refused his plays with the simple statement that although they had merit, they lacked popular appeal. This, in the face of the acclaim given him by almost every dramatic critic in Paris, and when *Les Ratés* (*Failures*) came along and met with the same reception, Lenormand decided that the fight was too great, and practically refused to write another play.

During the war he was sent to Geneva by the French Government, and worked in the passport department. While there he met Georges Pitoeff, who was largely responsible for the better condition of the drama in that city. Pitoeff became enthusiastically convinced that the Frenchman was a genius and that he had true artistic vision. He produced *Le Temps est un Songe,* and the Swiss critics hailed Lenormand as the most talented of French dramatists. In this way, the general public first heard of the author, and when upon his return to Paris, Gémier put on *Le Simoun* at the Odéon, its reception proved that at last Lenormand had come into his own.

In appearance the author is stamped with the nature of his work. One could

(*Continued on page* 50)

Secrets of the Property-Room

Strange Things That Sometimes Happen Back Stage of Which the Audience Knows Nothing

By J. M. McLAUGHLIN

Property-Man at the Shubert Theatre

IF there is one indispensable person in the theatre, it's the "property-man." He is the fellow who always knows exactly where everything is. (Yes, he ought to make a wonderful husband!)

When the heroine breaks from the villain's clutch and seizes the pearl-handled revolver in the desk drawer, the pearl-handled revolver must *always* be in the desk drawer—and it must *always* go off when she pulls the trigger. If it doesn't—well, I've seen tragedy turn into burlesque for less reason than that. The property-man is held responsible. He's got to start the thunder rolling at precisely the right moment, make the baby squeal, see that the mirror breaks, and the telephone rings, and the mortgage is in the hero's coat pocket. Otherwise the plot doesn't work—the actors are lost—and the show goes flooey!

All of which doesn't mean that a property-man is an intellectual Colossus, with the rest of the theatrical world peeping about between his huge legs. (I've been a property-man for thirty years and it takes me three weeks to solve one cross-word puzzle.) But he does have to be dependable and more or less alert. Take Gus Hillsdorf, for example; one of the best men in the business. With two barrels and a piece of colored canvas Gus could improvise the swellest *chaise-longue* you'd want to see. Somebody used to say that Gus could take Kipling's famous "rag and a bone and a hank of hair" and rig up the niftiest clothes-model that Paul Poiret ever put inside a silk *peignoir*.

The property-room of a Broadway theatre is an amazing land of make-believe, cluttered with every imaginable device that goes into the production of modern drama

WHEN THINGS GO WRONG

RIGGING up things on a moment's notice is one of the property-man's star acts. He is responsible for all the movable objects on the stage—aside from the scenery, which is the exclusive care of the stage carpenter—and all the trinkets and trick effects that the performance requires. Furniture, draperies, trap-doors, invisible wires, telephones, cigars, babies, wine, peacocks, lions, gold bullion, ink-wells and angels' wings—everything that could possibly clutter up a stage, in the interest and furtherance of the plot, comes under his jurisdiction.

Trick effects are numerous and often very ingeniously contrived. I remember, about six years ago, William Gillette had a show in town, in one of the scenes of which an actor had to throw a chair across the stage and smash a mirror on the opposite wall. It was very important that the mirror should break. It was a tense moment in the play and the incident was an integral part of the plot. To insure the shattering of the glass the property-man had rigged up a trick line, attached to a hammer, in back of the mirror. When the chair struck the mirror a stage-hand yanked on the string and the glass—between the impact of hammer and chair—could not help but collapse.

One night something went wrong with the actor's aim. The chair, instead of striking the mirror, landed in the fireplace about ten feet away. The stage-hand, true to the letter of his instructions, yanked on the trick line and the mirror mysteriously shattered itself into a thousand bits. Of course, it got a laugh and nearly ruined the scene, but Mr. Gillette took the affair good-naturedly. Most stars would have thrown a fit and had the property-man discharged on the spot. I'll never forget the display of temperament the night an assistant stage carpenter at the New Amsterdam Theatre let the curtain down on Richard Mansfield's head. Before it went up again, we had a new assistant stage carpenter.

You have probably often seen objects hurled out of doors and windows and heard them smash, off stage. They don't really smash. Several years ago May Irwin was playing the part of a lady prohibitionist and in one scene was supposed to destroy a bottle of whisky by throwing it out of the window. They worked it like this: The property-man stood just beyond the window and caught the bottle of liquid, as it came flying through the air, while a boy beside him broke an empty bottle in his hand with a hammer. At one performance the same thing happens that happened with the mirror. The whisky bottle didn't go out the window, but hit the scenery and rolled down onto the apron of the stage. The boy behind the scenes, however, went right ahead and smashed his bottle—and the audience got a laugh they hadn't paid for.

A JOKE ON DALY

WHEN a gun is to be used on the stage the property-man always stands in the wings with an extra pistol, ready to fire, in case the actor's gun misses. All kinds of contraptions have been devised to get the "elemental simulations," as they are called, such as rain, lightning, thunder, waves, crackling flames and the sound of automobile and aeroplane motors. George Weidhaas, who was property-man for Augustin Daly in the balmy days, often tells the story of the time Daly tried to make an improvement on nature in the matter of a thunder-storm.

Rehearsals were under way for a play called *The Great Ruby* at the old Daly's Theatre. The action of the piece called for a thunder-storm, and to get the effect, Weidhaas had constructed a series of runways, starting at the top of the rear stage and slanting down to within about six feet of the floor. On the floor, beneath the bottom runway, was a large square of sheet iron. To start the thunder-storm, the stage-hands would carry a dozen lead cannon-balls, about six inches in diameter, up to the top runway and start them rolling down the incline. They rumbled down the chute and dropped from the bottom runway with a crash onto the square of sheet iron.

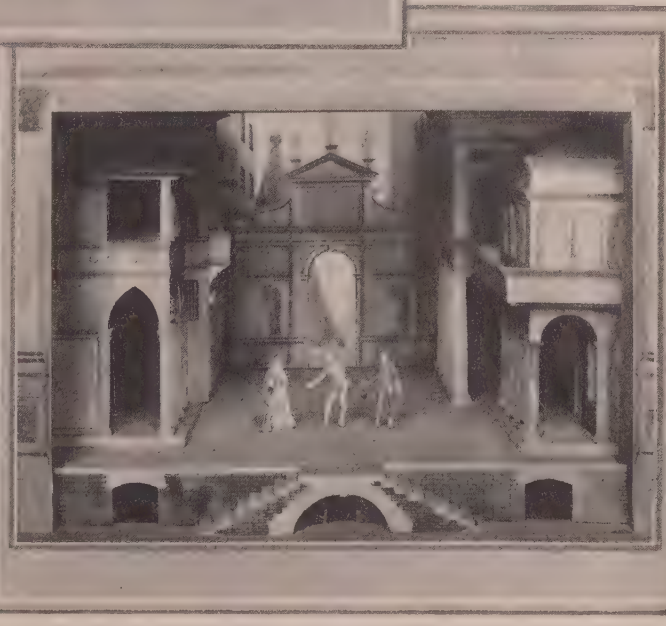
All afternoon Daly had kept the stage-hands rolling the balls—now by twos and threes, now one at a time—trying to get what he considered a perfect simulation of thunder. In the meantime a real thunder-storm had come up and the first rumbles were faintly audible, above the noise in the theatre. Daly was growing exasperated with the continual failure to secure a

(*Continued on page* 54)

The yard of a Tudor inn, with strolling players performing an interlude. It was used in the English morality play, *The Nice Wanton*, in 1550. This model shows the influence of the inn yard upon the early Elizabethan playhouse. This set was prepared by Mr. Joseph Wickes

The platform of a French mystery play produced in 1547 at Valenciennes. It represents the long, shallow stage, with Heaven on the left, "Hell-mouth" on the right and the Temple, Jerusalem, Herod's Palace and the High Priest's House. It is a duplicate of a model in the library of the Paris Opéra

Representing the performance of the screen-scene in the *School for Scandal* at the Drury Lane Theatre in 1778. It shows the apron stage of that period and how the boxes extended far back of the footlights. The set was prepared by Mr. James P. Maginnis



This is a set for *The Comedy of Masks* and is a typical setting for the improvised Italian comedy in which actor-acrobats improvised dialogue and performed gymnastic stunts. It shows a public square, with two houses on each side and a back-drop painted in perspective

THE BRANDER MATTHEWS DRAMATIC MUSEUM AT COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

This museum was founded in 1911 for the benefit of stage students. It consists of a dramatic library and a collection of models which includes eight models of theatres important in the history of the drama, and fourteen stage-sets, medieval and modern

Livery Stable Drama and Back-Yard Technique

Or How Little Can a Little Theatre Be and Still Be a Theatre

By STANLEY RAUH

IS the little theatre movement really little or just conducive? That is the question which is confronting every down-town alley and many of the suburbs of our larger cities. Is it not true that the little theatre movement is increasing most rapidly in order to supply the great demand of actors for some place to act? It is getting to be that every little theatre has a movement all its own. They are springing up over night. Hundreds of 'em. Years ago when the automobile began to supplant the horse, people wondered what would become of the barn and livery stable. To-day it is most evident.

THE little theatre opens its arms to the beginner. Both actor and playwright are given an opportunity to express themselves and feel a public reaction. After all opportunity knocks but once, but the public knocks all the time.

Does the little theatre not exemplify the higher art? Miss Green, the usher — ticket taker—stage manager —press agent—scene shifter and wardrobe mistress of the Providence Players, told me that she swept the house out every week and that it wasn't her fault that the place was a macaroni factory during the day. I had come down early for an interview with her and found her making a Russian set out of an old Liggett's window display of castille soap.

"How does your theatre derive its revenue?" I asked.

"Well, I will tell you," she said. "Let us say we have ten people in the house a night. At least fifty per cent of them, or five persons, will buy drinking cups between the acts. Now, Mr. R., I will tell you a secret. We have no one around to make change. Inasmuch as most individuals have no pennies, they must put a nickel in the machine in order to get a cup. Deducting the wholesale cost of the cups, that nets us at least thirty cents a night."

"Great," I said. "You are the first artist with a business head I have ever met. Furthermore," I asked her, "do you believe there is a future for the 'dirty theatre movement'?" And she replied in the affirmative. So there must be.

AS for the theatres themselves, most of them could be used as a set for Ibsen's *Doll House*. Last week I had a seat in the last row of one and couldn't stretch my legs for fear of the footlights. Needless to say we had to put our coats on in the street.

It seems a little theatre has to be stuck down in some foreign settlement at the other end of the globe before it can manipulate. They ought to have a map printed on the back of the ticket with directions. *How to reach the Banana Lane Theatre. Take B. R. T. Subway at Times Square. Get off at Christopher Street. Leave by northwest exit and turn south upon reaching street. Take any car marked "Coney Island" and get off in front of the Metropolitan Art Museum. Now walk six blocks west to Sample Terrace and turn north. The Banana Lane Playhouse is in an alley directly behind Haussenpfeffer's Slaughter House. If you don't see it ask a policeman, and if you don't see a policeman ask for one.*

Exterior view of one of New York's leading little theatres. This picture was taken shortly after the ushers had seated too many people on one side of the house

The little theatre movement is even fostered by the producers. One has instigated a tournament in which all the suburban little theatre movements get together once a year and let go. I attended the finals of the one this year. Such excitement I am sure would make the annual Yale-Harvard football classic look like a game of pin-the-tail-on-the-donkey at a kids' party. That acting may be made a sporting basis of competition is still evident.

The house was gayly decorated by various Little Theatre Banners and Pennants. Each organization had its own cheering section. The Hearthstone Players of Manhattan Transfer were flashing their colors of orange and gin, and long before the tournament began they sang over and over their alma mater battle hymn entitled: *An Actor Is Not a Ham—You Can Cure a Ham* (by Frank Tinney).

Here at the finals I saw money changing hands right and left. The dope sheets had it that the Mineralava Repertory Theatre of White Plains would have an easy runaway and odds were two to one for them. They had won out in the preliminaries by a small margin, however, and in the second heat would not have beaten the Erie Railroad Fireside Players had not the latter been disqualified because their scenery fell down. The Firpo Amusement Repertory Players of New Rochelle were handicapped by their small cast; only thirty-six characters were present.

AT curtain rise all the three rows of spectators were keyed to the highest pitch. And how each and every actor and actress gritted his or her teeth to carry victory to their own little group of players. Among the various events of note was a hundred yard dash on and off stage, won by the Backyard Players of Astoria, Long Island, which proved very exciting. The voice throwing contest was won by the Jersey City Garbage Collectors Repertory Company. Madam Whoosis of that company threw her voice so far that there was a crowd outside in front of the theatre listening. Of course there were many other interesting and exciting events on the program but time and space forbid detail.

Although I did not stay for ceremonies, if I am not mistaken the winning company received a certificate of honor on which each player's name was written in Old English. This certificate was presented by one of the judges, a certain professor of English and author of "The Technique of Shakespeare" (which in terms of N. V. A. expressionism makes them a mounted policeman at an Elks' picnic). Also attached was a few hundred dollars in real money, which could be charged against the expense budget of a thousand dollars or so. During the professor's speech of presentation, which went something as follows, all the members of the company stood at one side of the stage grinning sheepishly at each other. "My dear friends, I want to tell you, first of all, that each and every one of the various playlets given in this competition was so excellent that it was almost impossible to pick the winner. But as you all know——"

AH! But how many little homes have been broken up by these little theatres! After all, is a woman's place in the home or in somebody's barn, rehearsing parts? Let us say, for instance, that Mrs. Blitz is to play Mrs. Malaprop at the church vestry rooms in two weeks. She has been given twenty tickets to sell. Mr. Blitz, in order to preserve domestic relations, takes ten of these to the office. Each of the boys at the office will be sold one of the pasteboards. Mr. Blitz *will* go to the entertainment and, after seeing his wife's performance, he will stay home a couple of days until things have blown over. Be it ever so humble, the little theatre movement has no place in the home.

Haz

ILSE MARVENGA

This famous European "Kunnecke Prima Donna" not only charms royalty in *The Student Prince*, but has also captured Broadway as the little Heidelberg waitress

FRANCINE LARRIMORE

Brings her vivid prettiness and unique mannerisms to another version of the thoughtless, gay and misunderstood young heroine in Cosmo Hamilton's new play, *Parasites*

Johnston

GERTRUDE BRYAN

Who gives an arch performance of breezy sophistication and nimble wit as Millimant, the classic eighteenth century débutante in Congreve's comedy, *The Way of the World*

Kesslere

TESSA COSTA

One of the few musical comedy artistes who contributes a well-trained voice as well as charming personality to the operetta stage

Goldberg

FRANCES HOWARD

When not the saucy flapper in *The Best People*, this clever young actress is posing as the Princess in the film version of *The Swan*

YOUTH AND TALENT IN THE THEATRE

Arresting Personalities Who Bring Springtime Freshness to Broadway

The prince (*Howard Marsh*) is shown over the garden of the inn at Heidelberg by the tutor (*Greek Evans*), who tells him what a good time he'll have if he is content to remain only the student and forget he is a prince

The prince, back in the palace of his royal ancestors at Karlsberg, is coldly polite to the princess, while his thoughts are miles away with Kathie at the college inn

The prince, having been called back to Karlsberg to take his place on the throne, Kathie, the little waitress (*Ilse Marvenga*), throws herself in the old tutor's arms and pours out the woes of a disappointed love

The prime minister (*Fuller Mellish*) calls to see the king on affairs of state and, while waiting, exchanges *bon mots* with the lady-in-waiting (*Dagmar Oakland*)

Toni, the old servant at Heidelberg (*Adolph Link*), comes to visit the prince after he has become king, and his majesty puts him up for the night

"THE STUDENT PRINCE" AT THE JOLSON THEATRE

Charming Sentiment, Good Singing and Splendid Chorus in Heidelberg Operetta

Mr. Hornblow Goes to the Play

Dawn

Play in three acts by Tom Barry. Produced by Wilmer and Vincent at the Sam Harris Theatre on November 24, with the following cast:

Matthew Slayton, Howard Lang; Mary Slayton, Emma Dunn; Judith, Zita Johann; Margaret Slayton, Helen Strickland; Robert Carter, Hartley Power; David, Richard Carlyle; Mr. Marvin, Perce R. Benton; Billy Randolph, William Williams; "Speed" Farnum, Day Manson; Ely Robbins, William Morgan; "Rabbitt" Trundell, Raymond Van Sickle; Jane Marvin, Florence Peterson; Lulu Maynard, Camelia Campbell; Louis Rhodes, Robert Montgomery; Ann Perkins, Elizabeth Allen; "Squeak" Maynard, Lee Smith; Cora Adams, Dorothy Tierney.

THERE is distinct merit and really tragic force in Tom Barry's handling of the flapper problem. In this play it is presented in both its humorous and dramatic aspects through the medium of at least half a dozen characters that possess real human vitality. The author doesn't solve the great mother-and-daughter question, but he throws admirable theatrical light on it from both points of view, giving the finale the filip of a genuine surprise, not itself lacking in elements of philosophic verity.

The second and third acts are so good from both a psychological and technical standpoint that it didn't seem possible that the same hand could have constructed the first act as presented. I understand that at the last moment, before its metropolitan *première,* a radical change was insisted on, and the author wrote and the stage manager rehearsed the feeble and unsatisfactory preliminary act all in one week.

The Puritanical father is presented with unbending vigor by Howard Lang, and his prim, meddling sister delineated with really fine artistry by Helen Strickland. The flapper daughter, who goes wrong and who, like the heroine in *Hindle Wakes,* refuses to marry her seducer, was acted with uneven sincerity by Zita Johann. The contingent of collegians was not strong in distinction, but the representative for California was comically vivacious. Florence Peterson combined humor and drama with nice skill. Emma Dunn has received such universal praise in her delineations of mothers that she now seems self-conscious in her work. Her Mary Slayton was very sugary. The "flapper" party was realistically revelatory.

The Student Prince

Operetta in four acts. Music by Sigmund Romberg. Book and lyrics by Dorothy Donnelly. Produced by the Shuberts at Jolson's Theatre December 2, with the following principals:

Dr. Engel, Greek Evans; Prince Karl Franz, Howard Marsh; Gretchen, Violet Carlson; Toni, Adolph Link; Detlef, Raymond Marlowe; Kathie, Ilse Marvenga; Lutz, George Hassell; Grand Duchess Anastasia, Florence Morrison; Princess Margaret, Roberta Beatty; Captain Tarnitz, John Coast.

IN *The Student Prince* the Shuberts have given to New York a musical jewel which deserves center place in the crown of this season's successes. This musical version of Mansfield's popular play, *Old Heidelberg,* is an operetta of transcendent worth, beautifully sung, acted, staged and costumed. Vastly superior to anything now on Broadway, it is more than worth the $4 top. Dorothy Donnelly wrote the book and lyrics, over which Sigmund Romberg waved the magic music wand, with J. J. Shubert himself supervising the entire splendid production.

The story is, of course, familiar to theatregoers of this and an older generation. A young prince enrolls at Heidelberg, joins in the joyous life of the college and falls in love with a cute little waitress at the village inn. It is his first real romance. But the days of love and laughter are brief. He leaves school to inherit the crown of his grandfather, the king, and soon his betrothal to a princess is announced. The parting of the young prince and his little sweetheart is a pathetic reminder that the golden days of youth take wing swiftly and first love is little more than a lovely dream.

Howard Marsh played and sang the rôle of the prince. He has a melodious voice and can act as well as sing. This is true of all the members of the cast, chosen primarily for their excellent voices, who combine good acting with good singing.

The part of Kathie, the wistful little waitress at the inn, is sung by a sparkling sprite named Ilse Marvenga, an importation from Germany. Miss Marvenga is a tiny flaxen-haired blonde, with something about her that is the very spirit of youth. She sings the charming rôle with a clear and lovely soprano.

The tutor of the prince, the leading baritone part, was sung by Greek Evans, a native singer, whose splendid, resonant voice should have won him long before this *entrée* to the Metropolitan Opera House.

It is difficult, if not unfair, to single out for individual mention any particular artist in a cast of such uniform excellence. Suffice it to say that a better organization of actors and singers could scarcely have been brought together for one operetta. George Hassell, a De Wolf Hopper type of heavy comedian, puts over most of the comedy in a drolly effective fashion.

The chorus of one hundred or more was by no means an incidental part of the entertainment. All of the stalwart youths were chosen for the perfection of their voices and their youthful buoyancy. Only strong voices could sing the rollicking college songs of Teuton flavor with the proper gusto and spirit.

The beautiful and effective settings are by Watson Barratt. The scene, which shows a room of state in the royal palace at Karlsberg, is a masterpiece. It is a brilliant court scene of pomp and ceremony, with beautiful and stately court ladies in gorgeous costumes, gracefully executing the steps of the gavotte.

Mr. Hornblow Specially Recommends:

MME. POMPADOUR—Delightful operetta which has met with world-wide success. Beautifully costumed and well acted.

ROSE MARIE—That *rara avis,* an intelligent musical play! Tuneful, beautiful and decent. In the title-rôle charming Mary Ellis, a newcomer, establishes herself as the peer of any musical comedy star in the country.

SILENCE—Another crook play. The best seen in New York since *Within the Law.*

THE GUARDSMAN—Amusing comedy by the author of *Liliom.* One of the best things the Theatre Guild has done.

THE FIREBRAND—Entertaining comedy farce based on the hectic career of Benvenuto Cellini. The most amusing piece on Broadway.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD—Admirable performance by the Cherry Street Players of the wittiest comedy in the English language.

THE STUDENT PRINCE—Delightful musical version of the *Old Heidelberg* play. Tuneful music, excellent singing and an unusual chorus.

Parasites

Comedy in four acts by Cosmo Hamilton. Produced by Lee Shubert at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre December 1, with this cast:

Jackson, E. F. Hast; Mrs. Felix Waterhouse, Beatrice Swanson; Clarence Drummond, Max Figman; Lady Nina Chandos, Gypsy O'Brien; Langdon Pomeroy, Cecil Humphreys; Eliot Phelps, 3rd, Clifton Webb; Mrs. Clarence Drummond, Theresa Maxwell Conover; Felix Waterhouse, Franklin Pangborn; Joan Millett, Francine Larrimore.

A TYPICAL Cosmo Hamilton show, and not Hamilton at his best. The dialogue is glib, with flashes of wit and rather vulgar, and so are the characters.

It has to do with the fast set on Long Island, the set which did its best to make the recent visit of the Prince of Wales ridiculous. Probably it is true to life. It did seem to be after a reading of the doings of the nouveau-aristocrats as exhibited in the daily press at the time of the international polo matches. But it is enough to drive a gentleman to drink or a lady to religion. It tells of the amorous intrigues of a set of cads, kept men and idiotic women. There isn't a note of sincerity in it, probably because there isn't a note of sincerity in the life it depicts.

The performance itself was admirable. Francine Larrimore, when she gets rid of the last remains of her baby-blue diction, ought to be one of the cleverest actresses in America—if she ever gets a chance with a real part. Clifton Webb, as the kept man, proved that he can act as well as dance, and Theresa Maxwell Conover was admirable as his brainless meal-ticket.

The others were adequate enough and Cecil Humphreys something more. *Parasites* is a modern *Much Ado About Nothing,* with the accent on the nothing.

Lady, Be Good

Musical comedy in two acts. Book by Guy Bolton and Fred Thompson, music by George Gershwin. Presented by Alex A. Aarons and Vinton Freedley at the Liberty Theatre on December 1, with the following principals:

Dick Trevor, Fred Astaire; Susie Trevor, Adele Astaire; Jack Robinson, Alan Edwards; Josephine Vanderwater, Jayne Auburn; Daisy Parke, Patricia Clark; Bertie Bassett, Gerald Oliver Smith; J. Watterson Watkins, Walter Catlett; Shirley Vernon, Kathlene Martyn; Jeff, Cliff Edwards; Manuel Estrada, Bryan Lycan; Victor Arden, Victor Arden; Rufus Parke, James Bradbury.

THE insouciant Astaires, back from a triumphant reign in London, recaptured the hearts of New Yorkers in this delightful new musical comedy. Adele Astaire is, if anything, more piquant and impish, and her brother Fred more blithe and joyous. Their nimble feet twinkle faster than ever, they cavort with the same old abandon that New Yorkers expect from them, and, between the two, they come near carrying off all the honors of Guy Bolton and Fred Thompson's sprightly new show.

There is much superb clowning by Walter Catlett, and hot uke playing by Cliff Edwards, to say nothing of the graceful love-making and singing of Alan Edwards. Gerald Oliver Smith aids admirably the idiotic fun-making, and shows that he knows how to wear clothes, better perhaps than Jean Pitou. The beauty element of this admirable entertainment is contributed by Bel-Geddes settings, by the colorful costumes, the winsome and beauteous blonde Kathlene Martyn, and the members of one of the finest choruses in any Broadway musical show.

The George and Ira Gershwin music and lyrics are tuneful and catchy, but it must be reluctantly added that there aren't any good voices in the cast to interpret them.

Lady, Be Good has a thin little plot about a brother and sister who have been ejected from their home. The sister, played by Adele Astaire, impersonates a Mexican widow in order to secure a visionary fortune, thus saving her brother from marrying a rich girl he doesn't love. This riotous musical show gives the Astaires an opportunity to demonstrate their super dancing, their grotesque drolleries, and the amusing *gaucherie* of sister Adele. Their eccentric galloping dance, which brought them fame in *Good Morning, Dearie* is repeated with equal success in their new vehicle.

If the action, which moves a bit slowly, could be pepped up a bit, with more dancing and singing than unfoldment of plot, this would be one of the liveliest musical shows in town.

Princess April

Musical comedy in three acts. Lyrics and music by Carlo and Sanders, book by William Cary Duncan and Lewis Allen Brown. Produced by Barry Townly at the Ambassador Theatre on December 1, with the following principals:

Sam Barry, Stanley Forde; A. Sharpe Quill, Harry Clarke; Roger Utley, Nathaniel Wagner; Patrick Daly, Harry Allen; Kathryn Utley, Audrey Maple; Mrs. Swifte, May Boley; Marjorie Hale, Dorothy Appleby; April Daly, Tessa Kosta; Robert Ballou, Alexis Luce.

A FEW pretty tunes and Tessa Kosta. Also some pretty dances.

When this has been said the rest is silence. There is an organization known as the Julliard Foundation which has some fourteen million dollars at its disposal for the encouragement of American music. Now comic operas have to do with music, and comic operas are not possible without librettos. I respectfully ask the directors of this Foundation to read the libretto of *Princess April* and then to endow a school for American librettists. Why such a charming personality and such a lovely voice as Miss Kosta's should be called to interpret such a masterpiece of moronic stupidity as the libretto of this operetta is beyond understanding.

Besides Miss Kosta, there was nothing to call for any distinct mention in the cast. Nathaniel Wagner was good enough as Miss Kosta's partner, and Audrey Maple's good looks are always pleasing.

New Brooms

Comedy in three acts by Frank Craven. Presented by him at the Fulton Theatre on November 17, with the following cast:

Thomas Bates, Robert McWade; Mr. Kneeland, Harry Leighton; Margaret, Helen Weatherby; Williams, John Ravold; George Morrow, Jack Devereaux; Thomas Bates, Jr., Robert Keith; Ethel Bates, Doris Kelly; Florence Wheeler, Dorothy Blackburn; "Wallie" Nowell, Edward Crandall; Rev. Philip Dow, Albert G. Andrews; Geraldine Marsh, Blyth Daly; Simpson, Charles MacDonald; Nelson, James Kearney.

ANOTHER comedy on American home life by the author of *The First Year*. Mr. Craven's latest offering is mildly entertaining, but moves too slowly, and is absolutely devoid of dramatic situations. The basic idea is original. An upstart son irritates his father, a fairly successful manufacturer of brooms, by his insinuations that his business could have been improved had he been less grouchy in his dealings with others. The parent gives his bumptious offspring an opportunity to prove this by changing places with him. But after a year the son's smiles and amiability grow thin with wear, Incidents which occur during the period that the father and son's positions are reversed are amusing. The spectacle of a gray-haired father asking his son for spending money is mirth-provoking.

Robert McWade does excellent characterization as the bluff and irascible father, with the gift of ironic speech. Robert Keith plays convincingly the rôle of one of the younger generation who believes his elders have gone entirely to seed. Blyth Daly is an attractive figure as the young housekeeper, though her work shows lack of polish.

Mrs. Raymond Hitchcock, credited, in a program notation, with the selection of dresses worn by the young women in the cast, is to be complimented on her choice. They were all chic and colorful, and generally enhanced the scenes.

The Harem

Comedy in three acts by Ernest Vajda. Adapted by Avery Hopwood. Produced by David Belasco at the Belasco Theatre, December 2, with the following cast:

Roland Valetti, William Courtenay; Carla, Lenore Ulric; Manon, Virginia Hammond; Petri, Lennox Pawle; Prince Hilmi, Robert Fischer; Juci, Marjorie Vonnegut; Lulu, Arthur Bowyer.

DID Molnar borrow from Vajda or Vajda from Molnar? The theme of *The Harem* is practically identical with *The Guardsman*, the only difference being that, in this latest Budapest farce-comedy, the rôles are reversed, the wife jealous of the husband instead of the latter jealous of his wife.

The situation of the neglected wife disguising herself and passing herself off as another woman for the purpose of exciting renewed desire in a lukewarm husband is by no means new. It has furnished a farcical *motif* for plays innumerable. No matter how wildly improbable that, under any conceivable circumstances, a husband would fail to recognize his wife, the intrigue provides excellent comedy opportunities and never fails to keep an audience amused.

While watering flowers at her window Carla (Lenore Ulric) unfortunately sprinkles a lady passing in the street below. She insists on the stranger, named Manon, coming up and taking off her gown while it is being dried. During the drying process Manon, a woman with the serpent's tongue, expounds her philosophy of life, particularly as it applies to husbands. All are unfaithful, not excepting the husband of her kind hostess. Carla indignantly defends the absent. Other men might be untrue, but not her Roland. She goes out leaving Manon sitting, her back to the door. Roland enters. Seeing the recumbent figure, he thinks it is wife and kisses her, only to discover she is a stranger. Never mind—it tasted good and the lady evinces no displeasure. He winks at her not to tell his wife and goes to dress for dinner. On Carla returning, Manon triumphantly announces she has proved the truth of her theory. "Your husband kissed me." Carla, anxious to test him, scribbles a note giving Roland rendezvous for that evening and instructs Manon to slip it into his hand as she says good bye. Roland gets the note and much to Carla's chagrin, says nothing. Evidently he intends going to the rendezvous.

To get away, he proceeds to lie like a gentleman. Telephoning his friend Petri to come and help him, he invents the story that a duel is to take place. Poor Petri has got into a brawl and must fight at daybreak. He is to act as second. He will be away all night and not return till morning. When the two men have left, Carla hastily covers her blonde tresses with a black wig, veils her face and goes to the same rendezvous dressed as a Turkish princess.

Roland finds Manon all he expected and the tempting fruit is almost within reach of his lips when there is a violent commotion at the door. A Turkish prince breaks his way in, revolver in hand. He is seeking his wife, suspecting a clandestine love affair. If he finds her he will kill her. They assure him he has mistaken the apartment and he goes away. A moment later Carla arrives. They take her for the missing Turkish princess and Roland, his curiosity aroused by the mysterious veil, sees charms in the new arrival he had never discovered at home. At once losing all interest in Manon, he now begins to flirt with the princess who plays her cards so well that, hopelessly infatuated, she soon has him at her feet. He proposes an elopement. She consents and the curtain falls as they go together to a "nice little hotel" Roland knows in the neighborhood.

The next morning Roland arrives home after an unforgetable night. Such a romance as that can never fade from memory. His wife comes in and inquires how the duel went off. He starts to concoct a yarn when she bids him stop lying. She knows he has been unfaithful.

The actor (*Alfred Lunt*) adores his capricious wife (*Lynn Fontanne*), but, insanely jealous of a possible Russian admirer, he decides to impersonate him

Photos Bruguière

Decked out in all the magnificence of a Cossack officer, the actor notes with consternation that his wife does not repel his advances

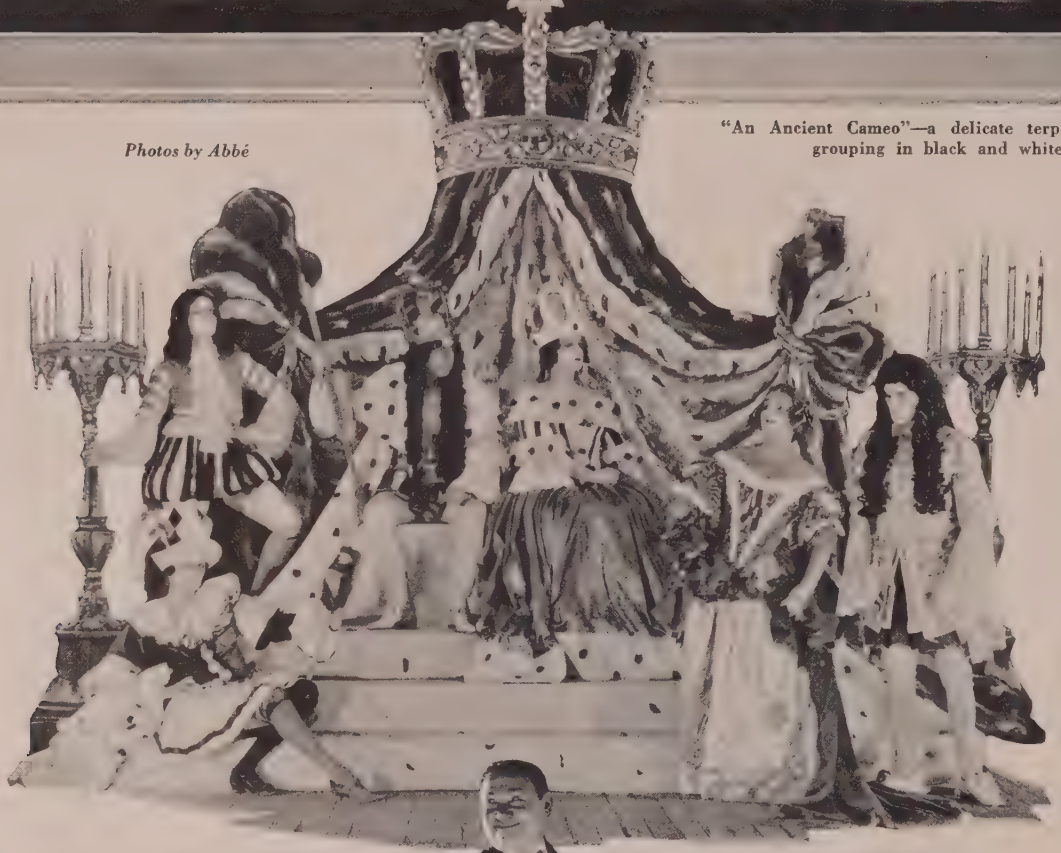
After a hectic evening at the opera, the actor comes home, minus his disguise, to accuse his wife of infidelity. Enraged by her denial he resumes his soldier's costume to confound her, but she only laughs at him, saying she knew it was he all along

"THE GUARDSMAN" AT THE BOOTH THEATRE

Deft Wit and Sprightly Comedy in the Guild's Presentation of Molnar's Successful Comedy

Photos by Abbé

"An Ancient Cameo"—a delicate terpsichorean grouping in black and white



"The King Orders the Drum to Be Beaten"—a colorful bit of barbaric whimsicality, ending in a climax of amazing beauty and dramatic irony

(bottom center) Nikita Balieff, droll director of Russia's super-vaudeville, at his old job as comic *conférencier*

"Gostiny Dvor"—delicious buffoonery of old St. Petersburg

"The Four Corpses"—amusing satire on the foibles of grand opera

A NEW CHAUVE-SOURIS ON BROADWAY

Morris Gest Once More Tempts Yankee Dollars with His Fantastic, Colorful Russian Super-Vaudeville

To pay him in his own coin, she has been unfaithful too. She has spent the night in a man's arms. She puts on the Turkish costume. Startled for a moment, he bursts into a laugh: "I knew it was you all along."

Lenore Ulric never appeared to better advantage than in the rôle of Carla. The part fits admirably her piquant, vivacious, exotic personality and she played it with a sure sense of comedy values. In the second act, when masquerading as the sensuous Turkish *houri,* her irresistible charm quite explained Roland's rejuvenated ardor.

William Courtenay was satisfactory as the amatory husband. Virginia Hammond lent a distinguished, comedy figure to the rôle of Marion, and Lennox Pawle was exquisitely droll as the friend of Petri.

Frankly, the piece is rubbish, hardly worthy of Mr. Belasco's *cachet,* but it serves to pass an idle hour. I need not add that most of the dialogue and many of the situations are decidedly *épicé,* yet not more so than in a dozen other pieces that Broadway has taken to its virtuous bosom this season.

Paolo and Francesca

Tragedy in four acts by Stephen Phillips. Presented by the Cosmos Stage and Screen Productions, Inc., at the Booth Theatre on December 2, with the following cast:

Giovanni Malatesta, Claude King; Paolo, Morgan Farley; Francesca, Phyllis Povah; Lucrezia, Helen Ware; Costanza, Diantha Pattison; Nita, Adele Bradley; Angela, Margaret Scott Oliver; Fruit Girl, Layelah Monif; Minstrel, James Meighan; Pulci, Ralph Bunker; Tessa, Cosette Faustine; Nesta, Helen Stryker; Baptista, Marian Moorehouse; Mirra, Aline Berry.

STEPHEN PHILLIPS' play on the world's most famous story of guilty love contains much verbal beauty, but lacks the starker note. This is abundantly evident when it is given on the stage, and especially so when actors trained in sentimental drama attempt the tragic rôles. Morgan Farley's Paolo was good to look upon and good enough to hear, but there was no richness in his impersonation. The same was true of the Francesca of Phyllis Povah—all sugar and spice and everything nice. As for Claude King's Giovanni, that excellent actor seemed to have stepped into the part at the last moment and appeared to be taken up principally in remembering his lines.

Only the Lucrezia of Helen Ware was truly vital and brought the regret that this actress' splendid talents have been largely wasted on trivial things. Miss Ware was meant to be an actress of the grand style. Her Lucrezia made the other characters appear like bloodless puppets.

The staging and scenery were admirable.

The Desert Flower

Play in three acts by Don Mullally. Presented by A. H. Woods in association with the Messrs. Shubert at the Longacre Theatre on November 18, with the following cast:

Jose Leo, Clyde Veaux; Ed, Claude Gouraud; Joe, Robert Clarke; Margaret Fortune, Helen MacKellar; Mrs. McQuade, Dorothy Walters; Randolph Conway, Robert Ames; Mike Dyer, Robert Cummings; Babe Knight, Eleanor Williams; Inga Hulverson, Mildred Southwick; Jack Royal, William A. Norton; Flo Zella, Warda Howard; Bill Porter, Bolton Moore; Martin Nolan, Elwood F. Bostwick.

THE DESERT FLOWER, from present indications, seems to be a hardy enough theatrical bloom. Sprouting forth in a week which ushered in several melodramas, it is a bit mellower and more thrilling than some of the others. The work of Don Mullally, its author, is marred by uneven qualities. One scene is good, the others mediocre, and the three of them are not always held together by continuity. The thread of the story is broken and twisted by the dropping out of characters for too long a space of time and by the injection of long-drawn-out incidents which have no particular significance as far as the story of the play is concerned. These same weaknesses were apparent in *Conscience,* his first play.

Deprived of Helen MacKellar's exceptionally fine acting, the play would lack vitality and would scarcely sustain interest for long. Even Miss MacKellar's stirring emotional work palled, occasionally, however, when the play's action called for too much jaw-busting, arm-twisting and other frightful maltreatment of the heroine by her demoniac stepfather. The melodramatic story of the play itself is of the old-time thriller brand. The characters are all of the Nevada gold fields, a noble young girl protecting her baby stepsister, a cruel stepfather, a young waster who turns successful prospector after being staked by the girl who loves him and a group of flip young dance-hall girls.

Mildred Southwick robs the rôle of an intoxicated dance-hall girl of all vulgarity and makes the mild spree of the Swedish dancer a gay and laughable affair. Dorothy Walters, in the character part of a wise and lovable old Irish woman, is excellent. In fact, the acting of the entire cast is well above the average and demonstrates unusually good team work.

Music Box Revue

Lyrics and music by Irving Berlin. Staged by John Murray Anderson. Produced by Sam H. Harris at the Music Box Theatre December 1, with these principals:

Joseph Macaulay, Oscar Shaw, Carl Randall, Bud and Jack Pearson, Grace Moore, Brox Sisters, Tamaris and Margarita, Bobby Clark and Paul McCullough, Fannie Brice, Ula Sharon, Hal Sherman.

THE delicious drollery of Bobby Clark and the irresistible charm of Grace Moore—these two head-liners alone insure success for the new *Music Box Revue.*

As a production this year's spectacle has all the lavishness of former seasons. The many tableaux, designed by Clark Robinson, are surpassingly beautiful both in conception and execution. The sumptuous costumes, by James Reynolds, are striking in design and coloring. Particularly effective are the settings for *Little Old New York, The Catskills, Alice in Wonderland, The Weeping Willow Tree, In Tokio* and *A Lullaby.*

Some of the so-called comic acts are distressingly labored. Particularly inane is *The Motive,* a stupid playlet about beans, with shooting in it, which always annoys an audience.

But the dull moments are few. Bobby Clark makes ample amends for weakness in other directions. He is screamingly funny as the prize-fighter-in-spite-of-himself in *The Kid's First and Last Fight*—an inexhaustible mine of genuine humor. Grace Moore, whose aristocratic, refined personality and perfect artistry seem somewhat out of place amid the garish scenery and cheap gags of super-vaudeville, was exquisitely appealing in "The Call of the South," "Rock-a-Bye Baby" and other songs.

Ula Sharon danced divinely, being well seconded by Carl Randall in the little sketch called *Ballet Dancers at Home,* and Tamiris and Margarita, two statuesque terpsichorean artists, gave atmosphere and color to *Tokio Blues.*

But why Fannie Brice?

They Knew What They Wanted

Comedy in three acts by Sidney Howard. Produced by the Theatre Guild at the Garrick Theatre on November 24, with the following cast:

Joe, Glenn Anders; Father McKee, Charles Kennedy; Ah Gee, Allen Atwell; Tony, Richard Bennett; The R. F. D., Robert Cook; Amy Pauline Lord; Angelo, Harwick Nevin; Giorgio, Jacob Zollinger; The Doctor, Charles Tazewell; First Italian Mother, Frances Hyde; Her Daughter, Antoinette Bizzoco; Second Italian Mother, Peggy Conway; Her Son, Edward Rosenfeld.

THE Theatre Guild has a genius for selecting good plays. It also has a tendency to pick those with unsavory themes. Take, for example, *The Adding Machine* and *Fata Morgana.* And now *They Knew What They Wanted.*

Here is an unusually well-constructed play, smudged up with repellent situations. If anyone can find anything uplifting or worth emulating in this story, he must do a whole lot of ferreting to find it. An old Italian, good-hearted but senile, marries a young picture bride, a waitress in a spaghetti café. On the wedding night, while going to meet his bride, he has an accident, and his legs are badly mangled.

The wedding takes place as scheduled, only the marriage is consummated not by the bridegroom but by a young roustabout who has been befriended by the bridegroom. Three months later the bride learns that she is to have a baby. Obviously, the mangled bridegroom is not the father. The young wife confesses to the husband, and the unusual twist lies in the attitude the older man assumes toward the whole dark mess.

Of course, the defenders of the young wife will explain that she was in a hysterical and wrought-up condition on her unconventional wedding night. The same palliative can be offered up for any evil-doer, murderer, adulterer, thief. But aside from the moral flaws of the Guild's new offering, the play is unusually interesting, well written and acted.

Pauline Lord's Amy is much like her Anna Christie. The two characters differ vastly, but Miss Lord's acting does not. The waitress of this play has the same kind of voice, husky and toneless; the same mannerisms; the same monotonous way of revealing that her background has been sordid and unbeautiful. Anna Christie was well done. So is Amy, but one expects more versatility from an actress of Miss Lord's acknowledged talents.

Richard Bennett, as the old Italian bridegroom, is by turns comic and pathetic, but he pulls the heart up by the roots every time he speaks. He over-stresses the character. This old spaghetti eater was something else besides an all-beautiful soul, as some of his lines reveal. Mr. Bennett's "make-up" could be toned down a bit, too.

Glenn Anders continues to live down his Demi-Virgin rôle. He started on the upward

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Let There Be Light!

Modern Staging Has a Tendency to Gloom Rarely Equaled in Real Life

By ROSALIND IVAN

NOT many years ago an unforgettable performance was given at the Manhattan Opera House by the Russian Ballet—that of Richard Strauss' *Till Eulenspiegel.* It was a complete production. That night we hailed not only Strauss and the great dancer, Nijinsky, but we hailed also a great artist in scenic effects—Robert Edmond Jones—who decorated the ballet with a gorgeous riot of color and light. Since then Mr. Jones has staged many other lovely things, including *The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife* for Granville Barker and plays for John Barrymore.

Mr. Jones is one of the most sensitive artists connected with the theatre of any country, and yet, in spite of his great love of beauty, he is inclining toward that tendency of gloom and obscurity of purpose which seems to influence the modern group. Mr. Jones might save a situation which threatens to become serious both intellectually to the audiences and financially to the managers.

THE American public is now taking a keen and live interest in seriously written plays. Every encouragement is being given the new author. With the Little Theatre movement which is springing up all over the country, with the increasing reading of published plays, why is it that the theatres which present these serious plays are not filled as they should be?

A party of cosmopolitan playgoers were dining together recently, and over coffee the prospects for the evening's diversion were discussed. Several successes were suggested, and then someone mentioned a play by one of our finest authors which was being acted by one of the new school groups.

All of the party had read it. No one denied that it was a fine play. Everyone agreed that whatever that author wrote was worth while, and yet no one wanted to see it. And why? A report was current that it suffered from modern lighting.

Said one: "What's the use of going when you can't *see?* The next time I can't see the actors' faces, I shall walk out and ask for my money back. I can read a play at home; I go to the theatre to see it acted!"

Why are the new serious plays obscured by gloom and shadows which are rarely equaled in real life? A good deal of scoffing has been done by the modernists against the unreality of footlight effects, but are they as unreal as the absurd lights thrown on the crowns of heads which create ugly lines and shadows on the actor's face? Footlights brighten the face and eyes, cast away ugly lines and shadows and enable the spectator who sits in the last row of the top balcony to see the expressions which delineate character and emotion. The actor has these mediums of expression—his voice, his body and his face. Deprive the audience of the sight of his face and half the value of his performance is gone.

Masterly setting arranged by Jacques Copeau for Acts III and V of *Les Frères Karamazov,* which provides supplementary lighting so that the actors' faces are clearly visible at all important moments

Therefore the excuse for the new method cannot be laid to a striving for realism, because in life light is not limited to spotting on the crowns of our heads. Neither in life do we always suffer in darkness. Haven't we all in moments of poignant suffering wondered how the sun could shine so brightly? Some of the most tragic and desperate incidents have happened under blue skies, so why must darkness be synonymous with tragedy in the theatre?

During the after-dinner discussion it was suggested that the European stage had influenced our scenic artists. Is this true? I beg to call attention to the distinguished foreigners who have lately produced in America. Max Reinhardt. Was *The Miracle* acted in the dark? Were the faces of either the Nun or the Madonna ever shadowed? No. Was *Œdipus Rex* produced in darkness? There was not a moment during the playing of that great tragedy that the face of Martin Harvey was not clear in detail.

Before the war I acted at the Neues Schauspielhaus in Berlin and was invited to play for the Lessing Theatre and also for the Royal Schauspielhaus. I had, during my visit there, ample opportunity to study the methods of the German directors, and the actor, as interpreter of the author's work, was helped in every possible way to express to the fullest, through the medium of his face and voice, the author's intentions—and his face was lighted.

WHILE Jacques Copeau, the French director of the Vieux Colombier, was producing in New York, I had opportunity to observe his lighting methods. In the sombre tragedy of Dostoievski, *The Brothers Karamazov,* in which the mental conflict of the brothers is the vital interest of the play, Copeau was aware that should the eyes of those men be in shadow or their thoughts and feelings obscured, the dramatic value of the play would be gone; consequently he kept his stage brilliantly lighted throughout. The audience saw what these actors were thinking as well as heard what they were saying. The result was one of the most gripping performances ever seen in New York.

With Stanislavsky we can make a very interesting comparison. Mr. Arthur Hopkins and Stanislavsky both produced the same play, Gorki's *Lower Depths.* Mr. Hopkins produced it in English under the title of *Night Lodging* with a cast of actors seldom equaled in any country. The play failed. Stanislavsky produced the tragedy with no better actors, but the play was a big success. Why? Mr. Hopkins' actors could not be seen. Although, according to directions, the action took place in a cellar, and from that point of view Mr. Hopkins' idea of darkness was more accurate, Stanislavsky produced it in a blaze of light. The play has no plot. All that counts is the moods, thoughts and feelings of the derelicts existing in the hovel . . . and Stanislavsky knew that his players at all costs must be seen. The audience appre-

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MARY MORRIS

Who, As the Somber, Sensual, Passionate Bride in Eugene O'Neill's Play "Desire Under the Elms," Gave a Performance of Supreme Poignancy and Power

Study in the Daguerreo-type manner by Goldberg

When "The Sticks" Blossom

The Much Scorned "Road" Sends to the Metropolis Some of the Best Talent of the New Season

By ADA PATTERSON

IT is the fashion of Broadway to sneer at the "Tall Sticks." That out of that vague region loosely bounded, according to supercilious geography, by the Hudson River on one side, the Pacific on the other, the Great Lakes and the Gulf of Mexico, it was unthinkable to the slant High Way of Amusement that anything good should proceed. Yet out of what New York smugly terms "The Road," and London correspondingly calls "The Provinces," has come the best raw star material of the new season.

Female star dust in each instance. Lillian Foster arrived by slow stages from Ponco in Oklahoma, backgrounded by a crude tapestry of claim rushes, oil spurts and cattle herds, to be saluted by the critics as one of new and admirable histrionic quality and by the most venerable of them as "A New Duse." Nydia Westman played big time and small on the vaudeville circuits in a classic of the twenty minutes, styled *In Haying Time,* on the Pacific Coast. Catherine Willard evolved from precocious infancy in the city of the cash register, Dayton, Ohio, to directing a needy Shakespearian company at fifteen.

Verily the "Sticks" have yielded abundant foliage and fine fruitage.

Another dose of unpleasing medicine to the all-wise street. It has been its fixed habit to deplore stock companies, to sneer at repertory experience, to smile at vaudeville as preparation for the subtleties it asks but does not always receive. It has been accustomed to assert that more than two years of stock experience are "ruinous to talent" and that "repertory makes for loud and empty declamation," that "vaudeville teaches performers to scream and to speed." But "The New Duse" wove, shuttle-like, across the country, and up and down its length, to play stock in its stock companies, for eight years. Catherine Willard has played in stock and repertoire since definite memory began for her. Nydia Westman wilted in linens in southern California and wore two cloaks and acquired a frozen nose at fifty-two degrees below zero in Winnipeg, Canada, "making hay" in vaudeville sketches.

ENGAGED FOR HER DICTION

BROADWAY, that has taken the three young persons into a bearlike hug of approval, shakes its head at rumors of humble dramatic origin, or when some grinning Solomon insists, "It is so, I knew them when," Broadway responds, "Every rule has its exceptions."

The three young women who have surprised the most exacting audiences in America brought no crudities to their performances. No burrs of speech adhered to their vocabularies, no thistles to their skirts. Catherine Willard, especially, has a voice of such rich roundness, such softness of modulation, that she might have been engaged by some other astute manager as Henry Miller engaged Ruth Chatterton, by telephone, for her manner of speech.

"But don't you want to see me?" asked Miss Chatterton.

"No," said Mr. Miller. "Your diction is enough."

IN THE SCHOOL OF ADVERSITY

LILLIAN FOSTER has proven to the satisfaction of the most captious that "The Road" does not ruin the voice. For in all the fine shadings of her performances as a waitress, evolved into a more ornate but more menacing factor of society, no moment is greater than when she utters the low-toned, insistent call from the storm, the call that the husband who has killed her goes forth to his death to obey. Nydia Westman brings with her from the companionship of acrobats and highly educated animals no nasal twang nor Western drawl. She has a Billie Burkish tone pitch, as—were they not playing in New York at the same hours—we might suspect her of having borrowed Billie Burke's red hirsute crown.

Each has brought from her long, severe, painful training a trait which is their common denominator. Which you, dear readers, being so clever, will discover as we proceed.

Lillian Foster is a petite person. Of the height and the lack weight of the dancer. Five feet four she claims in height, but five feet two in her heelless sandals, I am sure, and weight less than one hundred pounds. A face curiously wide with the sign of the Slav in her high cheek bones. Blue, lake-like eyes, set far apart. A large, mobile mouth. Even the bridge of her nose has, instead of knife-like thinness, a generous breadth. A wide, prowlike jaw, adequate foundation for her face.

"I hesitate to say this." Her eyes had the blue depths of unfathomableness. "It may shock the shockable. But I could not be called upon to play a part that I have not known in life itself. There is not a hardship that a girl can live through that I have not known. Hunger? Yes. Cold? Yes. Pennilessness? Yes. I have done every kind of work. My parents died when I was ten. My sister had enough to do to take care of herself. At fourteen I worked in a candy store in Kansas City. I made candy and sold it. But everything I have seen and suffered has helped me to act. One should never regret privations. The only really unfortunate persons are those who have not had them.

"I have not seen many of the greatest actresses. I did not see Duse." Miss Foster turned her eyes from the mirror above her make-up table at the theatre, across her shoulder, to look at me. "Once I had a chance to see her and I let it go. I have seen Mrs. Fiske. I think she is superb. I never saw Ethel Barrymore. But——" A long pause. The "New Duse" weighs her statements in the scales of their probable reactions. "Yes, I shall say it. It has seemed to me that so many of them let us know they are acting. They do not let us forget it. I have always tried to be as nearly like life as the stage will permit. What has pleased me most in what the reviewers have said of my work is that it is natural. They say it has reality.

"That is what I have tried to work out in the eight years I have been on the stage. Those years have always been in stock except in a tryout of a play that did not reach New York. I had developed a method that satisfied my own demand for the real, the natural. But I did not know whether New York would accept it. I am glad it has."

"Glad" was the strongest word she had for the experience of a small, deep-eyed, hitherto unknown-to-Manhattan, having been acclaimed one of the greatest discoveries of the modern stage. There were no rhapsodies. No ecstasies. There was the attitude of calm waiting.

"I haven't unpacked my things and decorated the dressing-room." She looked about at the chill, cell-like container of humanity at the Belmont Theatre. "Every time I have dressed up my room with chintzes the public didn't like a play and I have had to move on."

Something stirred me to stop in the doorway and preface my good-bye with, "To what do you ascribe your success?" Something moved her to answer, with truth in her deep eyes: "A power outside of myself and stronger than I am. I cannot name it, but It is."

THE TROOPING WESTMANS

NYDIA WESTMAN talked to me of the simplicities of the trooping Westmans. She told me she would rather be called a "trooper" than an actress. There are six of the Wandering Westmans, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore, Lolita, Theodore, Jr., Nydia and Neville.

"Father and mother have both been ill," she said. "Both are still in hospitals. We have always made a point of having a home whenever we stayed long enough in one place. We are moving from our home at Scarborough to one at White Plains. We have always been home-makers and home-keepers. Since mother has been ill Lolita has been the mistress of the kitchen. I have had charge of the sewing. I can make most of our clothes. I made that dress." She nodded toward a blue evening gown that hung on the curtainless white wall. A minute inspection revealed no flaws in the work of Nydia Westman, seamstress.

"My first recollection is of being at the theatre when I was two years old and of laughing so noisily at a comedian that I had to be taken out of the house. Another was

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Photo Goldberg

GILDA GRAY

Broadway's favorite artiste in the décolleté is now on tour entertaining cabaret audiences in the "tall grass." When she returns to little old New York, it will be to grace a theatre of her own

THE METROPOLITAN'S PROMENADE DECK

Barging down center like a canal-boat in third speed is Mme. Aida Smith-Jones, of Oskaloosa, thinking how she could put Matzenauer out of business, if Gatti would only give her the chance. Professor Pikelwitz, of the Peoria Conservatory, hides Rachmaninoff, modestly standing in a corner, while Mme. Fromage de Brie explains why there are no singers at the Met. (none of her pupils are there). Italo Inniskillen, the Caruso of Second Avenue, is waiting to tell Billy Guard how great he is, but Billy has wisely retreated to his office

CONFESSIONS OF A PLAYWRIGHT

Veteran of Many Broadway Successes Continues His Delightful Reminiscences of Other Days

By SYDNEY ROSENFELD

THE arrival in this country of one of the most accomplished German actresses that ever graced the boards, Marie Seebach, furnished my first opportunity to secure a translating job. This was the rendering into English of some German press notices used to advertise the distinguished visitor.

Two actresses stand out in my memory as the most remarkable of all exponents of their art. One was Marie Seebach, the other our own Clara Morris. While historians are casting about for adjectives in which to extol the Bernhardts and the Duses, I want to plead for due recognition of our own Clara Morris, than whom there can be no greater—from whatever nation she may have sprung. I shall have occasion to discuss her histrionic gift at greater length later on. Meantime, the job of translating the Seebach notices led to my attempting the translation of a foreign play for the New York stage. This was *Dr. Klaus,* a droll human document in four acts, then running with great success at the Germania Theatre on Fourteenth Street, which little playhouse, in the Tammany Building, afterwards became Tony Pastor's.

A very capable young German actor had distinguished himself in this play, as he subsequently did in many other ways. When I mention that his name was Heinrich Conried you will immediately foresee some of the other ways in which he gained fame. The road that lay between the shabby little German theatre on Fourteenth Street and the diamond horseshoe of the Metropolitan Opera House was a long and difficult one, but Conried negotiated it successfully.

I ACQUIRED the English rights to *Dr. Klaus* and my version was produced at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, now Proctor's, under the title *Dr. Clyde.* It was not a success. Who was to blame? It is related in history that when Sheridan's *The Rivals* first saw the light it failed with the public. But it did not fail with Sheridan. He contended that it was the fault of the actor who played the part of Sir Lucius O'Trigger. It received a second hearing and the author's judgment was vindicated.

So when I saw Conried's part utterly miscast in English, I determined not to let the failure of the first production of *Dr. Clyde* seal its fate for all time. That was a desperate determination to arrive at. Only those who know what an almost forlorn hope it is to get any further consideration for a play that has achieved what, in the chaste diction of theatre managers is known as a "flop," can appreciate the patient hardship that such a determination engenders.

Georgiana Drew Barrymore, mother of Ethel, Lionel and John, as she appeared in Mr. Rosenfeld's comedy, *The Senator*

I had to wait a long time before I got a second hearing for *Dr. Clyde,* but I finally convinced Mr. Montgomery Field, who directed the fortunes of the Boston Museum, at that time the home of the Hub's favorite stock company, that a play so successful as *Dr. Klaus* in the original (it was still running) was worthy a hearing in a translation that did not sacrifice in the English the values of the German. He produced the play with the great William Warren, not in Conried's part, but as the Doctor's low-comedy servant. It had a reasonable success.

IT was not, however, till this production was followed by a third, which I arranged for in Philadelphia with W. D. Gemmil, who ran the Chestnut Street Theatre, and in which the title-rôle was rendered at last by an actor who did it full justice—a Mr. Griffiths—that *Dr. Clyde* came into its own. It was subsequently taken on the road and yielded me royalties for two seasons.

It did one thing for me that is certainly worth recording. It brought me into contact with a clever young comedian, who was hired for second comedy parts, and played with unction a small part in the play. He had emerged from a "black-face" minstrel team and had his first shy at "white-face" parts with Gemmil. His name was F. B. Wilson. He had a very courteous and winning way and had little difficulty in ingratiating himself with the author.

We were walking along Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington, whither *Dr. Clyde* had then traveled, with F. B. Wilson promoted into the leading comic rôle, which William Warren had played. We were discussing our joint and individual ambitions. We were practically of the same age. He hoped to be a famous comedian.

"Not with that name!" I ventured.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"With all the Wilsons afloat in the profession," I replied, "how do you expect mere initials to distinguish you?"

All our great actors used two names only—Edwin Booth, Joseph Jefferson, Lawrence Barrett, Frank Mayo.

Wilson had always been called Frank, though his Christian name, as actually bestowed, was really more ornamental. That night I received a note from him. It read:

"I have adopted your sugges-

THE PINES,
RIVERDALE-ON-HUDSON, N.Y.

My dear Mr Rosenfeld

If some heavy part—or extra "weepy" old dame or elderly, she Iago—, turns up that bothers you to cast, call on me, I'm indifferent to printers ink, and all type look alike to me, Do believe me my dear Sir, heart and soul with you, in your new undertaking, and I feel sure success awaits you.

Ever respectfully yours
C. Clara Morris Harriott

Jan 1904

A letter from Clara Morris

NOTE.—The opening chapters of Mr. Rosenfeld's Reminiscences began in our issue for January, 1925.

tion. I have shed the B. and remain now and for the future

"Sincerely yours,
"FRANCIS WILSON."

Francis Wilson, to-day one of the most prominent members of his profession, is the living embodiment of the art of progression. He was under thirty when I first came in contact with him. His salary was twenty dollars a week. But he learned early in life to continually improve himself. He never retrograded.

Some of us who write for a living know how only too often it happens that a temporary success that lifts us into momentary prominence is followed by a period of inactivity or non-success, and there is no profession in the world that needs, in order to obtain and hold recognition, such constant sustaining as that of the playwright. To drop out of the public eye for any length of time means beginning all over again.

I had a personal illustration of this only a short time ago. After a rather protracted period of self-effacement, through causes that will reveal themselves later, I applied to a certain well-known manager for a commission to adapt a certain German operetta which he had brought from Europe.

"Do you write lyrics?" he asked me.

Considering that my earliest fame had rested upon the verses that I had written for the theatre, many of them, incidentally, during my very intimate personal and professional association with Francis Wilson, I was so staggered by the question that I felt like the highly virtuous woman who was asked if she was a real lady. I am convinced that the manager, who was certainly old enough to have known better, must have concluded that my hesitancy proved my deficiency.

THE McCAULL OPERA CO.

FRANCIS WILSON'S career was one continual advancement from one position to another. During a long and very vital period of his professional life, he was nourished by parts in comic operas for which I was more or less responsible. But if I do not dwell more minutely upon this period, it is because I feel somewhat like Pat in the story, who said to his priest: "Shure, yer riv'rence, I came here to confess; not to brag!" I will content myself with saying that for many years I adapted the librettos and wrote the topical songs of the comic operettas that were produced by the McCaull Opera Company and then by the Aronsons at the Casino. In all of these operas Wilson played the leading comedy parts. Always he knew how to make progress both in his art and his salary, and when he finally brought the latter up to $400 a week, a hitherto unheard of stipend, beyond which no manager could go, he became his own manager and launched the Francis Wilson Opera Company. He produced *The Oolah*, the libretto of which I especially designed for him.

The Casino, which has always housed musical attractions, still stands at the corner of Thirty-ninth Street and Broadway.

Its pangs of birth would fill a volume. Rudolph Aronson built it. That is, he tried to build it. He secured the lot and sold shares in small sums to hundreds of subscribers. I don't know what obstacles he had to contend with, but I do know that the Casino might never have opened as the Temple of Comic Opera, for which Aronson intended it, if one John A. McCaull, of Baltimore, a lawyer with a taste for art, had not jumped into the breach and secured at once the backing and the management of the enterprise.

The building was finally completed and opened with a production of Strauss' *Queen's Lace Handkerchief*. Wilson played the comedy part. This was the first

Maude Adams, America's most successful feminine star, at the time she appeared in *The Midnight Bell*, when scarcely out of her teens and when stardom seemed a brilliant goal wholly beyond her reach

of a series of opportunities that came to him in a musical line.

There was always an internecine war going on between the McCaull stockholders and the Aronson stockholders. McCaull wanted to remain in charge and Aronson was as eager to get at the helm of the enterprise for which he had struggled and suffered much. It was not, however, until McCaull had had his fling for several seasons that the Aronsons finally came into possession of the house.

Wilson, whom McCaull had made prominent through all the opportunities he had given him, had to decide whether to remain with the McCaull Opera Company, then about to move to Wallack's Theatre, or to sign with Aronson. As I have already stated, Wilson never retrograded. The Aronsons offered him more money and he had no scruples in parting with McCaull.

During his seasons with McCaull he had already successfully appeared in the *Queen's Lace Handkerchief, Apajune, Prince Methusalem, The Merry War*, operas adapted by me. I was then under contract to McCaull.

John McCaull was a man of very striking personality. He didn't claim to know much about music or the drama, but he did have a sort of instinct of command. In this he was aided and abetted by a voice that could make his underlings quake. I can see him now, with his head cocked on one side—the way he always carried it—his six feet of height tearing down the center aisle of the theatre when a rehearsal was going forward, startling everybody with a rasping cry of "Cr-r-r-ripps!" Cripps was the name of the stage manager, and it was generally believed that he held that position for many years simply on account of his name. It was such an easy word for McCaull to bite off when he raged.

DE WOLF HOPPER'S BROADWAY DÉBUT

BEFORE the echo of that far-flung "Cr-r-r-ripps!" had died, the mild gentleman in charge would come down to the footlights to say:

"Yes, Mr. McCaull?"

"Why?" exclaimed McCaull, mingling anger with comic pathos, "why, oh, why must I be compelled to endure forever and ever the vision of Miss McGinty in the front row?"

Miss McGinty was not easy to look at (McGinty was not her name), but she was retained in the chorus on account of her voice. In those days a voice was not regarded as altogether a superfluity in comic-opera choruses. Still as McCaull felt, that was no reason for planting her perpetually in the front row.

A little further on, I can hear him addressing the chorus. The unhappy looks of most of them suggested anything but the merry throng they were supposed to represent. It was after a long, trying rehearsal and the girls were tired and out of humor.

"Good Lord!" shouted McCaull, "is that as cheerful as you girls can look? What would you do if I were to tell you that I had doubled all your salaries?"

Before he had had time to chuckle at his own joke, a girlish voice from the back answered:

"Drop dead!"

The voice belonged to a bright young chorister named Ida Mosher (this time I am giving the real name), and that exclamation of hers made such a hit with the new comedian who had been engaged in Wilson's place that he married her a few months later.

The comedian's name was De Wolf Hopper.

But to return to Wilson, who was now firmly ensconced in the Casino, under the management of Rudolph Aronson, and for whom I continued to write parts. He appeared in *Nanon, The Gypsy Baron, Amorita* and several other Viennese operettas. His biggest success, however, came with *Erminie*, which, being one of the few operas imported from England, needed no adapting. My only contribution to that text was some verses to Wilson's topical song, *And that's what the Dickey Bird said.*

That especial form of lyrical writing—the topical song—appears of late years to have vanished. I say this with regret. A good verse—of which Gilbert offers the finest example—even though it deal only with the current topics of the day—can always be made amusing and attractive to an audience provided it has real humor in

The new Martin Beck Theatre, the latest addition to New York's many beautiful playhouses. Byzantine in type, it is a house of magnificent sweep and proportion. G. Albert Lansburgh, architect, and Albert Herter, decorator

Photo Wide World

Governor Smith laying the corner-stone of the new Theatre Guild playhouse, built with money raised by a popularly subscribed bond issue

Photo Muray

Jo Mielziner, youngest stage designer in America, who painted the settings for Molnar's comedy, *The Guardsman*

Photo White

France honors an American producer. David Belasco receiving the Cross of the Legion of Honor from the representative of the French Government. Left to right: André Brouzet, French Consul-General; Firmin Gémier, Mr. Belasco, Otto Kahn

The camera catches two Broadway favorites, Helen Hayes and Sydney Blackmer, coming from the rehearsal of *Quarantine*

Clara Fargo Thomas, responsible for the sets and general decorations in *The Best People* and *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*

THE PASSING SHOW

New Playhouses and Noted Personalities in Broadway's Varied Panorama

its lines and proper form in its construction. Among present-day poets I always admire Mr. James J. Montague, who contributes his daily column of topical jingles to the *Herald-Tribune*. He knows how to combine the skill of verse-writing with the whimsicality that to my mind is ideal topical song-writing.

It was through lack of these attributes that the so-called topical song degenerated into a mere bald mention of current events, attached to a constantly occurring refrain with total lack of literary finish or wit.

When Wilson was at his height the topical song had not lost its value, and I am pleased to think that I contributed my share towards his success in that line. One of his biggest hits was made with *The Dotlet on the i* in my translation of *Prince Methusalem*. In the original German there was a quaint ditty called *Das Tipfer'l auf dem I*. Other versions of *Prince Methusalem* had been performed, but this song had always been cut out. "Tipfer'l" was a coined word in Viennese and an equivalent in English for it had not appeared until I coined the word "Dotlet." That was the beginning of the many coined diminutives ending in "let."

Many other topical songs were added to Wilson's list, and in a small way I made some reputation by writing them and received commissions for that kind of work from various comedians throughout the country, among others from the late Roland Reed, a quaint comic actor and the father of that exceptionally fine actress, Florence Reed.

Comic opera is a form of entertainment considerably obscured in these days by so-called musical comedies, many of which, as has been critically remarked, are neither music nor comedy; but these imported comic operas of which I write were composed by fine musicians of the lighter school. I recall notably Johann Strauss and Richard Millocker. They had sane librettos set to tuneful and scholarly music.

In the original these works were billed as "operettas." We misnamed them "comic operas"; for that term, strictly speaking, applies to "opéra comique," which is the term employed for any work in the nature of grand opera that permits of the use of dialogue.

THE ARONSONS AT THE CASINO

THE operettas of the type that prevailed at the Casino came mainly from Vienna. It supplanted the earlier opera bouffe, the Gallic form of musical effervescence, of which Offenbach, Herve, Lecocq and at a later period Audran were masters. These usually had librettos which even in the present era of Al Woods *et al* would tax the disinfecting skill of the adapter; but most of the Viennese operettas were comparatively clean. *The Merry Widow*, by Franz Lehar, is one of the more recent examples of this type.

Wilson held his own at the Casino for many seasons. My friendly relations with him were, of course, well understood by the Casino management, and when Wilson was in particularly good odor they condescended to accord to me some share of this favor.

A very funny thing occurred towards the last of Wilson's engagement. It illustrates, among other things, the illiteracy that characterizes so many who are in control of our theatres. Rudolph Aronson himself was a well-meaning, though hardly forceful, director, but he lacked business ability. This he tried to supply in the person of a brother, who sold shirts in the daytime and lent his counsel to art matters at night.

Brother Albert always stood in the lobby, carrying as much solemn dignity as a not altogether inviting personality would permit. I would as a rule drop in on him

William H. Crane as Hon. Hannibal Rivers in Sydney Rosenfeld's comedy, *The Senator*, a play which ran for two seasons in New York alone and gave Mr. Crane a fortune

of an evening and exchange a few friendly words. The degree of friendliness on his part would, as I have hinted above, depend upon the footing on which Wilson stood with him at the moment.

On one particular evening—following a day that had brought a rupture between Wilson and the management, of which rupture I was, however, in total ignorance—I strolled into the lobby of the theatre and nodded to Albert.

There was nothing irritating or provocative in that nod. Of course, I didn't know that Wilson had refused to go on the road with *Erminie* unless his salary were tremendously increased, and that the impresario shirt-maker had become incensed beyond measure at Wilson's demands—so I was rather taken aback at Albert's sudden outburst. He shook his finger at me and exclaimed (I reproduce him literally):

"We ain't agoin' to have no more one-part pieces in this here theayter!"

After a minute's stunned silence I mildly inquired:

"Apropos of what?"

"Opera bouffe nothin'!" fiercely rejoined Albert, walking away in high dudgeon.

As Francis Wilson shares with me an outstanding qualification—being about the same age—we are a sort of connecting link between a more or less vanished period and the present on, I can discuss him, in the phrase of the late President Wilson, "Eye to eye."

Wilson has never been a great actor, in the sense of an interpreter of character. He has always been a fun-maker, though with one distinguishing characteristic, rare in his irresponsible field, of being a great respecter of the author's text. He has always had the gift, which I regard as essential in an actor, of absorbing the lines he has to deliver and so delivering them as to make them seem spontaneous utterances of his own. He has never been a "gagger." To a certain extent he has been a clown, but with this difference—behind his clowning there has always gleamed an unusual intelligence.

CONRIED'S AMAZING SUCCESS

WHILE he has very rarely introduced lines of his own, his fertility in the invention of "business" has been remarkable. He has always been a student, and, as some of us know from his writings, not devoid of literary attainments—and it is hard to picture in one's mind that ragged "foolisher," Caddy, in *Erminie,* as seated off the stage in his library studying the life of Napoleon Bonaparte.

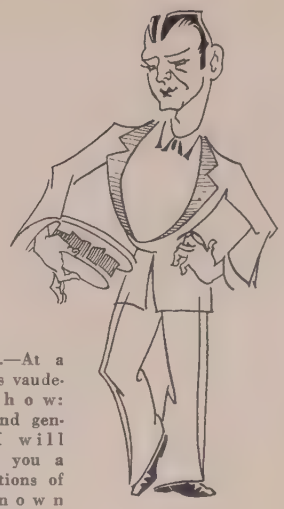
Where Wilson has fallen short has been in his ability to differentiate character. Every impersonation of his has shown us the same bandy legs working overtime, the same extending of his arms to an audience, like a schoolboy appealing to his master, the same spinning away from a comic line after he has delivered it, the same trick of suddenly falling down and more suddenly picking himself up, and the same ultimate squeak in his voice that seemed to have lost its moorings. As that sort of thing has always found a ready market in comic opera, Francis Wilson has always been regarded as essentially a comic-opera comedian, a vocation since pursued with no small success by De Wolf Hopper. As I have before stated, Wilson's ability to market his wares at the best possible price, combined with a well-known frugality, has made him a rich man.

To return to the Casino and Rudolph Aronson. In Mr. Aronson's amiable and unexecutive way he was always at the mercy of some master mind. When it wasn't McCaull's, it was Wilson's, and when Wilson left he turned himself over, bound and gagged, to Heinrich Conried, who by this time had become a prominent stage director.

Conried deserved no little credit for having risen from the humble position of German actor in Neuendorf's company at the small Germania Theatre (at a time when he spoke no word of English) to an accepted stage director for works produced in the English language. It will always be a puzzle to me, however, how Conried, ignorant as he was of even the rudiments of music, should have distinguished himself, first in producing comic operas and

(*Continued on page* 52)

Wednesday, 10 A. M.—While strolling in Central Park we were entranced by the sight of two of Professor Steppinoff's pupils giving a classic interpretation of "Suivez le Guide!" or, as we say in the States, "Tag, you're it!"



12 A. M.—At a continuous vaudeville show: "Ladies and gentlemen, I will now give you a few imitations of well-known dancers

2.30 P. M.—We saw *SPOON-LIGHT*, a musical comedy with a chorus of strong girls and beautiful men

8.30 P. M.—We went to see the *Frailties of 1924*, where Viola Vay holds forth. We liked Viola so well that we dropped in at . . .

1.00 A. M.—On the Pickled Lily cabaret and saw more of Viola, but when we rounded out the evening by going to a smoker at . . .

3.00 A.M.—And found Viola there, we felt that we might see too much of a good thing, and we did

THE DIARY OF A DANCE DEVOTEE

By Maurice Maxeville

S · C · R · E · E · N · L · A · N · D

"Greed" Presents Fine Scenes—"He Who Gets Slapped" Magnificently Done—Valentino's New Film

By AILEEN ST. JOHN-BRENON

THE most significant picture of the month is *Greed,* the long-awaited version of Frank Norris' great novel, "McTeague." By significant I do not mean that Director von Stroheim has created a landmark in the history of the cinema, or that he has even achieved a very powerful translation of a literary masterpiece; but his ideas, his conceptions of dramatical material, and his relentless adherence to what he believes to be the truth are certainly significant factors in defining the limitations of the screen and in pointing out many things that have no value, either artistic or commercial.

IN *Greed,* Mr. von Stroheim has striven with an honesty and uncompromising patience that are almost without parallel to do justice to the original tale. He has had the greatest respect for *McTeague,* as Norris wrote the book, and has left nothing undone to produce an equally effective piece of work in another medium. But what is the result? A ponderous story in which the epic strength of literature has been brutalized into a symbolical narrative containing little of Norris except the bare plot, and not a great deal of other material that is emotionally inviting.

It is not my contention that Mr. von Stroheim or anyone else could have produced, by means of pictures, effects in any way identical with those which Norris was able to gain by words, but in the main he has failed to give us the true spirit of *McTeague.*

THE film sticks pretty closely to the facts of the novel. McTeague, the hero, is a placid troglodyte who rises from the humble occupation of mining to the white-coated profession of dentistry. He obtains his license through the intervention of a traveling charlatan, and sets up shop in San Francisco. One day his friend Marcus brings a girl into the office, and the trouble begins. The huge bosom of McTeague swells with love for the first time. The heroine, Trina, happens to be Marcus' girl, but Marcus magnanimously gives her up, and the big, stupid dentist finds himself married. All goes well until Trina wins $5,000 in the lottery and Marcus begins to regret his generosity. In time McTeague receives a letter notifying him to discontinue his practise or secure a license. We are given to understand that it is through the treachery of his amiable and villainous rival that McTeague is forced to relinquish his calling, and from the moment that the dentist closes the doors the plot thickens. The huge hero drifts from job to job; Trina becomes obsessed with the idea of gold, hoards her pennies, and works far into the night slavishly carving and painting wooden toys. McTeague takes to drink; his brutal instincts appear violently, and after leaving his wife, he returns to murder her for her money.

The last scenes, filmed in Death Valley, are unquestionably among the best that any producer has presented in years. McTeague, a fugitive sunk now to the lowest depths, fights with his rival and pursuer to the death, and around them we see the hot desolation and aridity of the American desert.

WHY this story, which in the original is so rich in characterization, and

Who would recognize Carol Dempster as the half-starved immigrant girl of *Isn't Life Wonderful?* In this new Griffith picture Miss Dempster distinguishes herself without a single furbelow

which offers so remarkable an opportunity for reconstructing the cheapness and meanness and shabbiness of San Francisco life a generation past, should have been turned into a theme called *Greed,* is something I cannot pretend to explain. Perhaps it is that June Mathis and Mr. von Stroheim have sought to instil a symbolical note into the tragedy to relieve the unconscionable brutality of his realism. At any rate his departure from the book has been unfortunate, and his symbolical touches are the only really cheap devices in his film, the only tricks in an otherwise honest performance.

But we cannot make drama by collecting types and depicting degradation. The persons in this photoplay are not characters, but types—they are well selected, measured, weighed and competently drilled. But they do not act: they do not come to life. They perform their mission like so many uncouth images of miserliness and repugnant animalism.

Gibson Gowland, as McTeague, is striking at first glance, but as the play moves, is only an unusual figure of amazing bulk and equally amazing dullness. Zazu Pitts, the heroine, has nothing in common with the Trina of Frank Norris. She has none of the extreme youth and prettiness of the book, and her passion for gold, which is but incidental in the original, is converted into one of the leading motifs of the film. There is no doubting Miss Pitts' earnestness, however, and she does her best in her misfit rôle. Jean Hersholt plays Marcus with an unction that is convincing in spite of his unnecessary bits of grossness.

HE WHO GETS SLAPPED

THOSE who were fortunate enough to view the Theatre Guild's performance of *He Who Gets Slapped,* may be forgiven for approaching the film presentation of Andreyev's play with fear and trepidation. Considering the mutilations and debaucheries perpetrated on some of our most artistic plays in the name of cinema art, it is but natural to expect the worst for the subtleties and nuances of the Russian drama.

But just as the *genus* motion-picture producer has shocked you almost into insensibility with his imbecilities and recurrent obtuseness, so he is prone to jolt you back to consciousness by an unwonted display of intelligence, and "He" has done the trick. It is a picture magnificently conceived, beautifully executed, with more genuine feeling for drama and contrast in one reel than is usually discovered in thousands of feet of film, and a genuine flair for characterization. This is due chiefly to the presiding genius of Victor Seastrom, a man of wide human sympathies and a thorough knowledge of dramatic cause and effects. He possesses one of the keenest and most fertile minds in the directorial sphere, and while upon occasion he relies for his effects upon sheer theatricality, any picture bearing his signature is never waste of time, and *He Who Gets Slapped* is his high-water mark. Doubtless many communities will fail to appreciate its satire, but they would be left equally unmoved by the ironical touch of a Daumier.

Lon Chaney, the clown who acccepts the kicks and jeers of the multitude, gives an interpretation of surpassing fineness. One of his tender moments with the little bareback rider whom he so hopelessly loves is memorable. Norma Shearer, too, is delightful in the freshness and gaiety of youth.

WAGES OF VIRTUE

THE new Gloria Swanson picture is not what you might expect from the title. *The Wages of Virtue* is simply a hallucination and a snare. Now who for an instant would anticipate a story of France's Foreign Legion in Algiers, where

CARNIVAL

Lora Vinci and Beatrice Miles. Two Charming Fokine Dancers, in an Intriguing Study by Nickolas Muray

no questions are asked and discipline prevails? But that is exactly its substance, and an entertaining tale it is, too. But then Miss Swanson's pictures usually are entertaining—no matter how flimsy or how far removed from life. You may prefer her all dressed up *à la* De Mille, but you have to concede that she has her good points even in rags. Here we have her as a waif in the flotsam and jetsam of life, rescued from drowning by a wily showman. She repays her debt by her loyalty and devotion to him through all circumstances. She is even willing to deny her love for a young American until she discovers that her brutal protector is unfaithful to her in his fashion. Had it not been for the tender ministrations of Norman Trevor—well this cinema would have had to forego the happy ending so dear to the hearts of motion-picture producers.

Not the least of the attractions of this picture is the leading man, in the person of Ben Lyon. He is undoubtedly the most popular on the screen to-day. He has a boyish charm and a lack of self-consciousness which are rare indeed. Let us hope Hollywood will not demolish them. This is also another Allan Dwan picture which may be an additional reason that it is interesting, for Dwan and Swanson have been turning out some excellent pictures from the point of view of the box-office—nothing very deep about them, to be sure, but we all have our lighter moments. It will be instructive to see what the ebullient Gloria accomplishes in Paris under the direction of Leonce Perret. She should be an effective Madame Sans-Gêne, but there is many a slip.

A SAINTED DEVIL

ONCE more we have Rudolph Valentino in a Spanish rôle, but one that is not particularly to our liking, chiefly because of the story. Somehow the picture, with all its lavish trappings, fails to arouse response save that which invariably is attendant upon Don Rudolph.

A Sainted Devil has been made into a photoplay from Rex Beach's story, *Rope's End,* and it is melodrama encased in mantillas and bolero jackets, rather puerile stuff, obviously dished up to provide Valentino with long, drawn-out love scenes, and to register charm. It is a pity to handicap Valentino with so unconvincing a story. He has proved that he is more than a mere sheik, in fact, it is rather insulting to describe him as such at all. He is an actor of high caliber. We have glimpses of his histrionic powers in *A Sainted Devil,* but the situations have been so patently manufactured that in spite of his earnestness, it is impossible to accept them. It is all so much ado about nothing—this story of the young man who suffers all sorts of pangs and tortures when his bride disappears on their wedding night. He thereupon takes it upon himself to become a cynic for no particular reason that any one can think of, for the little bride was the demure Spanish maiden from the convent, if ever there was one. Of course, Valentino is an effective cynic, and that may explain much left unsaid by the adroit scenario writer.

Helen D'Algy is the girl—a bit colorless, but pleasing enough in her Spanish dance with Valentino.

Nita Naldi is interesting as a cast-off sweetheart, and another vamp is convincingly played by Dagmar Godowsky. A fine setting has been provided for all this by Joseph Henaberry.

ROMOLA

IT seems a pity that Lillian Gish has such slight opportunities in *Romola.* To be sure her fragile beauty, so exquisite in the costumes of medieval Italy, finds a beautiful setting in the grandeur that was Rome, but only at rare intervals do we catch

The sophistication and poise of Adolphe Menjou, combined with a distinct personality, have resulted in the man-about-town *par excellence.* He is so much in demand, none of the season's photoplays seem complete without him

a glimpse of the artist, Lillian, in her moments of intense feeling. Pictorially, *Romola* is magnificent. Rome supplied the sets; but as a story it moves along at a snail-like speed, being another in the long list of pictures that were made in Europe and found wanting. With one or two exceptions, George Eliot's appealing story has been miscast; the foreign players overact, and there is a general air of incompetency which, however, is powerless to overshadow the delicate artistry of the star.

Romola is worth seeing, if only to view her as the ethereal heroine duped by the opportunist wanderer, who becomes her husband. Many of the scenes are noteworthy in themselves, not the least of which are the pictures of Romola on her balcony, waiting for her lover, or serving her blinded father in the quaint and stately library she loved so well, or again wandering through the streets of Rome, or rising to defend the zealot, Savanorola. But these are only flashes through a maze of intrigue and uninteresting plotting in which the swashbuckling knave of a husband connives against the state and proves faithless to his wife.

We cannot say much for Dorothy Gish's comedy as the sprightly and adoring peasant girl; nor does William H. Powell present the profound study of moral degeneracy of George Eliot's Tito. Ronald Colman would have been the wiser choice. As Carlo he displays a fine sense of values and intelligence always.

Dramatically, *Romola* is disappointing, but as a scenic study of the highly romantic period of the Renaissance, the period of the most colorful background ever unrolled before the human eye, it reveals a sumptuous panorama.

ISN'T LIFE WONDERFUL?

D. W. GRIFFITH'S latest offering made in Germany is a very slight and inconsequential affair. It makes no pretense at drama. It is just a glimpse into the lives of some Polish refugees in Germany, victims of the war, struggling in the face of dire poverty to find a little happiness in their existence of hardship and self-denial. It is based on a story by Major Geoffrey C. G. Moss, and Carol Dempster and Neil Hamilton are the center of romantic interest. Griffith is, of course, a sentimentalist. His philosophy which he essays to put into his pictures has no connection with real life; in fact, it is not philosophy at all. But in spite of his fondness for coating his situations with sugar, he manages always to evoke the sympathy of the audience. Can you imagine a gathering bursting into spontaneous applause simply because a bowl of steaming hot potatoes is set before a family of anemic emigrants? Or can you anticipate anything particularly exciting in two young people running through the night pursued by hungry Bolshevists with covetous eyes on the precious cart-load of this selfsame harvest of potatoes? Yet Griffith presents these trivialities as so important in the lives of two young people that tears are being furtively shed because Grannie refuses to give her sanction to a pauper's wedding.

Little Carol Dempster gives a performance that is at once startling because of its beauty and its histrionic power heretofore unknown. She is quite a revelation.

THE IRON HORSE

SOMETHING of the thrill of *The Covered Wagon* will be found in William Fox's contribution to American historical drama, *The Iron Horse.* John Ford, who directed it, has told this tale of the first transcontinental railway compactly with interspersions of humor into the trials and tribulations of the struggling pioneers in the Western country. We see the early Americans forging their way westward—the story occurs after Lincoln signed the Railroad Act in 1862—their troubles with the Indians, their hardships, the problems they had to meet, with a love story woven in competently enough. There is a villain, the very, very dastardly kind whose deeds are as black as pitch, and the sought-for heroine in the person of the amiable Madge Bellamy, who wins the love of the honest and stalwart George O'Brien.

Colleen Moore has deserted jazz and flapperdom for the subtleties of Edna Ferber's *So Big*, in which she has the support of John Bowers

Romance flourishes everywhere, even in the pioneer days of railroading in the Far West, as is evidenced by Madge Bellamy and George O'Brien in *The Iron Horse*

HIGH LIGHTS IN SHADOWLAND

Two Films Which Triumphantly Portray the Eternal Romance of Human Struggle

M · U · S · I · C

A New Opera and Two New Sopranos Fail to Set the Town on Fire. Serge Koussevitsky, on the Other Hand, Does

By GRENVILLE VERNON

LEO JANACEK'S *Jenufa* is a supreme example of the sort of opera which if it is not sung in its native tongue ought to be sung in English. Yet the Metropolitan gives it neither in its original Bohemian nor in the vernacular, but in German. The composer himself distinctly states that he wrote the music, having in mind first and foremost the music of Bohemian national speech, striving to make the written melodic line follow the internal melody of the words. Granted that he has succeeded, any translation will, of course, absolutely destroy the initial unity of the work and can only be defended on the ground that it is impossible to get singers to sing it in Bohemian.

This may be so at the Metropolitan, but if so there was surely no reason why it should not be sung in English. The spirit of Bohemian is no nearer German than it is English. The Metropolitan after all is situated in an English-speaking country. Moreover, the occupants of the boxes, orchestra stalls and lower galleries as a rule understand the language spoken east and west of the Hudson better than they understand German. There may be exceptions, but if these exceptions so violently dislike English they could stay away. There are moments even in opera when a little musical jingoism is beneficial.

ASIDE from the question of language, the Metropolitan put its best foot forward in the production of this novelty by the Czecho-Slovakian composer. Indeed, the production overwhelmed the work. The music of the first act was charming in its folk feeling and the dances lovely, but after that the incomprehensible story took the bit in its teeth and insisted on having the right of way. As this was strictly according to the theory of the composer himself, no objection can be made. But, alas, dullness was the result. Maria Jeritza, in a costume of ravishing color and very short of skirt, was by turns coquettish and unhappy. But when one of her lovers was supposed to slash her face, in order to destroy her beauty, she proved herself a true prima donna by appearing in the next act without the slightest sign of a scar. After all, it is safer to call a popular soprano a prima donna than it is to call her an artist. An artist would not have—but why cavil? Mme. Jeritza is Mme. Jeritza. Mr. Laubenthal and the new tenor, Mr. Oehman, were both quite in the picture. Indeed Mr. Laubenthal for the first time since he has been at the Metropolitan really satisfied. He didn't have to look distinguished, and his voice sounded freer than formerly. Mme. Matzenauer, as Jenufa's foster-mother, acted well and sang badly, and Miss Kathleen Howard gave another of her vital portraits to the Metropolitan's gallery. The dances, the singing of the chorus and the scenery were all admirable. So if the epitaph must be that *Jenufa* is not as good as *The Bartered Bride,* neither is it as bad as *I Compagnacci*—not by many miles!

THE opening month at the Metropolitan, besides the production of *Jenufa,* brought a revival of *The Tales of Hoffmann* and the début of Mme. Toti Dal Monte. The latter was the more successful of the two. *The Tales of Hoffmann,* despite its subject, is absolutely and entirely a French opera, and it is an axiom that French opera can be acceptably sung only by artists trained in the French tradition. Why Mr. De Luca, for instance, should have been chosen to sing the three rôles of Cornelius, Dappertutto and Miracle, is a mystery. Mr. De Luca is an admirable artist in certain Italian operas, but he knows nothing either of the French tradition or the French spirit, and his genial personality is certainly not fitted to enact the spirit of evil. Had Mr. Didur appeared as Cornelius, Mr. Whitehill as Dappertutto and Mr. Rothier as Dr. Miracle, a different tale might have been told. The Hoffmann of Mr. Fleta was likewise not in the true spirit either dramatically or vocally. The most satisfying impersonations were the Antonia of Miss Bori, the Cochenille of Mr. Bada and the Nicklausse of Miss Howard. The Urban settings were excellent, except the Venetian scene, which looked as if of Gimbel out of Bloomingdale!

LEO JANACEK

Composer of the Czecho-Slovakian opera, *Jenufa,* recently given its American première at the Metropolitan Opera House

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THE début of a new coloratura soprano is always an event. There is something in trills and staccati which excites us in spite of our knowing that it has nothing to do with art. We know a bird was meant to trill and a soprano wasn't—which makes the soprano's trill all the more exciting. It's the old story of the dog who walks on his hind legs. He doesn't do it well, but we are surprised he does it at all! And when the soprano does it really well, and sometimes even when she doesn't *vide* Galli-Curci, she buys castles in Wales or thousand-acre estates in the Catskills. Recently it was the turn of Signora Toti Dal Monte, who came from Italy with a great name for her Lucia. It was as this character that she made her début at the Metropolitan, and if she obliterated no memories, she disclosed a pleasing voice, a musical sense and a dramatic temperament. As for her bravura, it was adequate, though not exciting. The fact of it is there hasn't been a truly exciting coloratura singer since Luisa Tetrazzini. Another coloratura soprano sang at the Metropolitan the week before Mme. Dal Monte's début. She was Mme. Elvira de Hidalgo, who as a girl of seventeen in 1910 sang in the same house a performance of Rosina in *The Barber of Seville.* She was then a charming little amateur. She returned an accomplished artist, and in the same part gave a really delightful impersonation. She and Mme. Dal Monte are both welcome additions to the company, though neither at present seems destined for the crown of a Melba or even of a Tetrazzini. But crowns are no longer hoped for in this democratic age, and even coronets are sniffed at. So perhaps we ought to be satisfied.

THE real sensation of the musical month was the arrival of Serge Koussevitsky as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and the immediate restoration to popular favor of the concerts of this famous organization. For the last few years Carnegie Hall has not been besieged when the Boston musicians made their appearances. Excellent conductor as was Pierre Monteux, New York would have nothing of him; perhaps because he had first appeared here as musical director of the Russian Ballet. But the instant Koussevitsky's name was announced as M. Monteux's successor, the subscription list went back to its old proportions. And Mr. Koussevitsky did not disappoint. In his two opening programs he showed a true eclecticism, playing such widely disparate things as the Vivaldi D Minor Concerto, Honegger's *Pacific,* Debussy's *Fêtes* and *Nuages,* Scriabine's *Poem of Ecstasy* and Brahms's Fourth Symphony.

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KATHLEEN HOWARD
Her Nicklaus was one of the most satisfying elements of the recent revival of *Les Contes D'Hoffmann*

(Top, center)
MARIA JERITZA
Who, as the unhappy heroine of *Jenufa*, has painted another memorable portrait for the Metropolitan's operatic gallery

© Mishkin

GIUSEPPE DE LUCA
A genial barytone metamorphosed into Hoffmann's Spirit of Evil

© Mishkin

ARMAND TOKATYAN
A refugee from unhappy Armenia, this young tenor is now an established favorite at the Metropolitan

© Mishkin

LUCREZIA BORI
As the leader of the gay world of Venice, Miss Bori has again delighted both eye and ear

© Mishkin

ANGELO BADA
Who the late Victor Maurel characterized as the greatest artist at the Metropolitan, because he makes each small part a masterpiece

FRESCOES ON THE STAGE OF THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

Some Enrichments of the Operatic Portrait Gallery

V·A·U·D·E·V·I·L·L·E

A Promising Début—Mrs. Leslie Carter in the Halls—Frank de Voe at the Palace

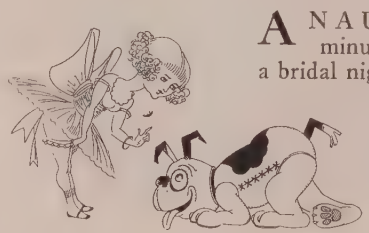
By RICHARD SAVAGE

Sketches by Maurice Maxeville

ALMA NIELSON, an orange ruffle flirting about her glorious legs, wipes up the dust from the Palace stage for the first time. Her initial appearance. It is a near knockout. She is the hard-workingest little dancer in vaudeville. Her pirouettes, splits, head-overs and terpsichorean tumbles are whiz-bangs. She is helped along by Dan B. Ely and Dave Rice, and five slick Beau Brummels in tails. Their fancy habiliments do not interfere with their musical souls and shuffling feet. Their act does not contain a single mammy song. Nor do they wistfully put over the hint that vaudeville actors just love applause. No. They go about earning it. And they get it.

IF YOU have a predilection for child actors you will like Norman Phillips, Jr., who appears with his proud parents in *A Family Revue*. But if you believe the little brats ought to be home in bed, Norman's precocity will make your fingers itch to spank him. He has all the glib prattle of vaudeville old-timers. He is a vaudeville wise-cracker. He slips over the knowing vaudeville winks with jaunty ease. He says "Banana Oil" with gusto and a thorough understanding of the significance of the latest Broadway slang. Certainly he never sucked a lollypop, never placed his trust in that jovial old gent, Mr. S. Claus, nor ever screamed with joy over a string of toy trains. He was old at birth. A hundred-to-one bet that he read Marcus Aurelius at the age of three, and mastered all there was to know about the stoic philosophy at four.

ANOTHER jazz orchestra. This time Vincent Rose and his Ritz-Carlton Orchestra. All of these music aggregations have hotel strings attached to them. This one is less monotonous than the others appearing in music halls. It has a set of English ballroom dancers—Ted Trevor and Dina Harris—to relieve the tiresome blares of jazz orchestra instruments. Vaudeville audiences are becoming surfeited with these jazz acts, particularly with the popinjay antics of the directors, with their fiddle-waving propensities and monkeyish antics. They have showmanship to a degree, but lack musical talent and distinction. They are trick leaders, not music directors. With aspirations to bust into the Whiteman-Lopez set, most of them have found they can't crash in.



MRS. LESLIE CARTER is an incongruous figure in the halls. Sandwiched between jugglers and blackface comedians, there is a certain pathos about her appearance in this conglomerate atmosphere. But, the checks she draws are not funny bits of paper, so why weep? This time she has a one-act drama of the Russian revolt, *Alixe of Tartary*, written by John Colton, co-author of *Rain*. Bloody melodrama. She is a grand duchess; but a grand duchess must wander about in this setting in noble aloofness. The pert dancing dollies, the husky gymnasts and the blackface teams of the variety stage are sorry company for such as she.

DOROTHY JARDON sings an aria from *Il Rusticana*. She does not come right out and say: "Vaudeville patrons are dim wits, so I'll explain what all this high-brow vocal stunt is all about." No. Not quite. She simply tells the story of the opera, explaining that she will sing the role of a poor peasant girl, pleading with her lover's mother. The poor little peasant girl wears a glittering evening gown, all crystalline frostiness, besprinkled with buckets of gems. It is difficult to work up sympathy for the child wise enough to accumulate such costly toggery. The audience, judging from their expressions, interpreted the foreign language to suit themselves. "Get thee gone, wanton peasant, in thy costly and gladsome getup," the lover's scornful mother was probably saying, and the peasant girl was trying to explain how she picked up all this glittering raiment on her salary of two yens or three rubles a week peasanting.

A NAUSEATING fifteen minutes of innuendo. About a bridal night. Ripe substance for the *risqué* quip. It is after the wedding ceremony. The cuddling bride and bridegroom prepare to retire. Many interruptions. The bridegroom exasperated. Old colored mammy ambles along: "I jes must put my lil honey lamb to bed. Raised dis chile and I jes won't leave her now." Little rag dolly must go with her to beddie bed. Bridie croons to the bit of rag. The final bit of smut, intended as a laugh-getter, is the arrival of a former sweetheart of the girl. He insists that he must sleep with them. It's raining, and he can't go home. He knows they have only twin beds. But he stays. Curtain on a disgruntled bridegroom and a gracious hostess-bride, who prattles: "Oh, by all means stay with us." This is the kind of an act that panders to the ignorant and licentious, and arouses the nasty snickers and sly nudges.

DRIPPING with sentiment, Frank De Voe makes his initial appearance at the Palace. Songs about My dear little Laddie who waits for his Daddy. About my dear old Mother. My dear old Father. My dear little sweetheart. Little kiddies' bedtime prayer. All alone at midnight. Only a dope fiend. Green light, pallid countenance and all. With many accompanying gestures intended to add to the pathos. Only a crocodile could weep over this tosh. And even that creature, with his tear-duct always on tap, would mutter: "Banana Oil!" between sniffles.

AL HERMAN, with his Red Hot Mama, Little Baby Banks, is back again for the first time this season. Pokes fun in his old sly fashion at his colleagues on the bill. And, as usual, finds giggling women in the boxes and front rows to help along his act. Some day these targets for vaudeville actors' gibes will rise up and demand pay for services rendered. And will they get it? Not they. If they insist on bubbling over with hysterical mirth during a comedian's act, they must expect to serve him gratuitously until the end of time. Or else go back stage and demand a contract before the show opens. Or train their risibilities not to cavort without proper oiling in the way of cash payments.

A NOVELTY by Meyer Golden called *Blue Bird*, is a delectable potpourri of dance and song, with a sprinkling of parlez-vous to give it a Continental complexion. And just to convince yourself that those in the cast really are French, look at the program. Mlle. This and Mons. That. And a couple of Mmes. That's that! All of them must have a genius for languages, for they speak English with the correct American accent and technique. Perhaps they've lived here a long time. But why quibble over trifles?

ELIZABETH BROWN AND SEDANO

A Texas-Argentine combination of modern ballroom dancers. The lovely Elizabeth is from the State where the big steers come from and Sedano hails from the birthplace of the tango

MLLE. RHEA

This graceful dancer covers the whole stepping field from ballet, through interpretative numbers to the "hot" syncopated movements, doing it all with ease and abandon

ADELAIDE, OF ADELAIDE AND HUGHES

Adelaide, *première danseuse* of the team of Adelaide and Hughes, is an American exponent of the best classical ideals, and she doesn't care who knows it

MARION TARBUE

Who has a gift for light and sparkling comedy and exercises it effectively as leading woman for Wellington Cross in the sketch with the interest-arousing title, *Anything Might Happen*

LEDOVA

This exotic beauty is one of the foremost exponents of the Imperial Russian Ballet school of dancing and is noted for her technical skill and brilliance

VAUDEVILLE ABBREVIATES THE ARTS

Skillful Exponents of the Diminutive Dance and the Miniature Play

Photo White

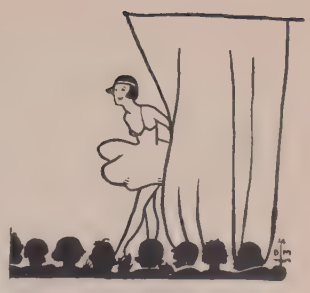
GRACE MOORE IN "THE MUSIC BOX REVUE"

If There Were Nothing Else on the Bill, the Charming Personality of this Popular Artiste, so Irresistibly Appealing in "The Call of the South" and Other Songs, Alone Would Make the Show Worth While

Heard on Broadway

News and Gossip Straight from the Inside of Theatredom

By L'Homme Qui Sait



STORIES current about CYRIL MAUDE'S retirement from the stage are not taken to mean that he will never act again in New York. The retirement stories have been used as advance publicity during his tour in *Aren't We All,* and the story's origination in New York came from the provincial scribes.

There is rumor that THOMAS JEFFERSON, son of the immortal Joseph, will revive the Rip Van Winkle play associated indelibly with the father's memory. JOHN GOLDEN, it is understood, will sponsor the revival when *Lightnin'* ends its current tour.

The Old Homestead is also being revived and EDWARD HORTON soon steps out as Josh Whitcomb for the benefit of the more provincial of the provinces—which is a way of distinguishing Ann Arbor from Detroit.

Manager AL WOODS, the gent who smokes long cigars and announces his matinée days in much free publicity, is aggrieved over the dirt shows of the season. Al himself has kept his record clean, but swears that if he produced what some of the others produced it would have been the hoosegow for him. That's what he has told his friends.

The Theatre Guild now has three houses on its hands. Recently it acquired the Klaw Theatre on Forty-fifth Street, and with the opening within a few days of their new Guild Playhouse on Fifty-second Street they will also have the Garrick to provide with shows. The first show of the year, however, *The Guardsman,* is a season's certainty and also regarded as the most sure-fire show for the road that they have ever produced. *They Knew What They Wanted* is regarded as also set for the New York season.

ERNST VAJDA'S new play, *The Crown Prince,* is based on the life of an Austrian lord and will see American production next year. He also has another play, *High C,* which GILBERT MILLER will put on for the house of Frohman.

Speaking of the Frohmans, JOHN RILAND, the famous superintendent of their building, has a rival within the building. John is a colored man down the length and breadth of Broadway, while PETER MASON, another colored employé, is the custodian of the library and the trusted employé of the Frohman officials. It is said that he reads every play the company puts on before production and that he has data on every production the late C. F. made at his finger-tips. But John Riland works on the outside and is known to everyone, while Peter hides his light under a bushel.

The Chicago Opera Company isn't coming into New York after all. For a time they considered such a move, but heavy losses in their own home town made them wary of losing even more in some other troupe's home town. They will, however, go on their regular tour and pick up what is regarded as so much velvet.

One of the biggest hits of Chicago is a play called *Applesauce,* produced by R. G. HERNDON. It was tried out in Stamford and poorly regarded, but sent to the windy burg, where it is now a tremendous hit.

ROBERT B. MANTELL has probably retired from the stage for several seasons. His Shakespearian tour flopped this year and he took to vaudeville, where his act, a scene from *Macbeth,* found little favor. Booking men in New York declare the trouble was Mantell traversed the same territory year after year instead of playing the Far West, where trouping was harder but where the shows were fewer. Instead Mantell played the East continuously and thereby hurt his patronage with too-frequent repetitions.

LEWIS BEACH, author of *The Goose Hangs High,* missed his opportunity to have his *Chattels* produced when he and GUTHRIE McCLINTIC failed to agree over a cast. Upon that Beach withdrew his play and attempted to sell it elsewhere.

Simon Called Peter made its biggest hit in Baltimore, where it played for five weeks to heavy money. This same town, which gives the average break-in show little encouragement, played *Ladies' Night in a Turkish Bath* for fourteen weeks.

GERALDINE FARRAR, it is declared, will be the prima donna next season of a Franz Lehar operetta. Just now the Jerry of the Met. is touring with a freak version of *Carmen* and picking up money in some spots and losing it in others. When she assumes the rôle, it is understood that the rest of the cast will be moderate in size and that the admission scale will be at least $5.

LILLIAN FOSTER will be starred by AL WOODS upon the termination of *Conscience* on tour. She has been signed to a five-year contract.

SAM COMLY, a newspaperman of New York, has turned producer to sponsor a play called *The Carpenter,* by FRED WALL and RALPH MURPHY. The play isn't religious in nature, as some might insinuate from the recent publication of UPTON SINCLAIR'S book with a similar name, but deals with a philosophic old carpenter who utters wise saws and funny sayings.

FORTUNE GALLO, the impresario of the San Carlo Opera Company, will erect a theatre in New York next season, it is whispered. It will be devoted for a season to his opera company and for the rest of the year to operetta.

McINTYRE AND HEATH, like MR. MAUDE, have not retired from the stage. Despite elaborate announcements of their retirement during their last New York engagement, they are now busily playing the vaudeville circuits and getting big money.

KATHARINE CORNELL'S next appearance this year will be under the Woods management. She will play in Michael Arlen's *The Green Hat,* which has already tasted success in London. Other English plays to be produced here this year include *The Pelican* and *The Blue Peter.*

WALTER HAMPDEN'S Othello, which was revealed at the Shubert early in the month, isn't his first appearance in that rôle. He played it for a season on the road and got as close to New York as Brooklyn with it, but did not reveal it in his metropolitan repertoire.

THE AMATEUR STAGE

Edited By M. E. KEHOE

Photos, Wayne Albee, McBride Studios

Harlequinade in Green and Orange, a vaudeville sketch written and produced at the University of Washington (Seattle), by Glenn Hughes, with an amusing and decorative impressionistic setting by Irving Rasmussen

He Who Gets Slapped, as it was presented at the University of Washington, by Albert R. Lovejoy and Glenn Hughes, with Ruth Hecht as Consuelo, Ralph M. Blake as Mancini and Albert Lovejoy as "He"

A Screen Setting for "Twelfth Night"

Details of High School Stagecraft Fascinatingly Told

By RALPH E. SMALLEY

"STAGECRAFT." What a word to conjure with! And "Youth"—the conjurer! Who says that stagecraft in the high school isn't fascinating? "Stage"—the place of illusion, and who among us is immune to dreaming? "Craft"—the use of one's wits and manual skill for the expression of the third dimension of our being, the emotional. No, this is not a narrow field for specialized experts, but a world of its own, ready and waiting for each new generation of discoverers.

And yet the "brass tacks" of the proposition are discouraging, though we suspect that it is not so much the fault of the "tacks" as a lack of "brass" in our own make-up. To wrest the concrete from the abstract means work, often boresome minutia, and yet that is the basis of all good stagecraft as of everything else. It is in these mechanical preliminaries then that technical help is perhaps most welcome; for the "why" of the production we either have ourselves—or have thrust upon us—but the "how" usually involves many things we are not conversant with.

Mr. Smalley will contribute a second article in March on the stage mechanics of "Dulcy," as produced under his supervision at the Mechanic Arts High School, St. Paul. It will be a practical discussion of ways and means, illustrated with scenes from the play, sketches and drawings.

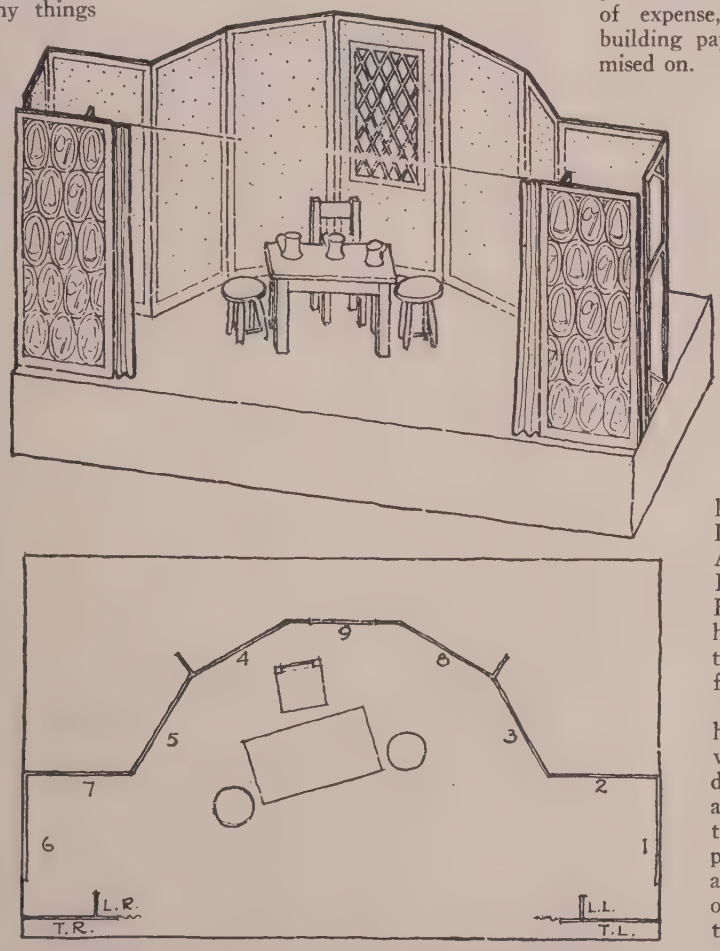
LET'S pretend that we have recently joined the faculty of a high school which boasts of a well-equipped *lecture platform* and are informed that we are to use it as a well-equipped *stage* and give a well-produced Shakespearian play. We find that the platform at the end of the assembly hall is about twenty feet wide, twelve feet deep and thirty inches high. It is equipped with a floor, and that is about all. And upon it, in the course of two or three months, Shakespeare's whimsical poesy must blossom forth at a net cost of a dollar ninety-eight or thereabouts. Not being a professional and knowing little about the attendant difficulties, we attack the problem with enthusiasm.

The play is *Twelfth Night—or What You Will,* and we take our cue from the second part of the title. We need not be held to futile attempts to realize realism, for the play itself "is high fantastical." We will stage Shakespeare then in the mood of his play.

IT is evident that we must work from the ground up, as it were, for the architect, if he thought of us at all, must have specified "sky-hooks" for the hanging of our scenery. And of course we can't break into the sacred plaster! Ergo, we will use screens!

Some rearrangement of screens will be necessary to indicate change of locale. Having been furnished nothing on which to fasten a supporting wire for a draw curtain, it seems best to limit the width of the stage used for the setting and support a curtain wire on the side or "tormentor" screens.

What size and shape should the screens be and of what made? The manual training instructor and the free-hand drawing teacher, yielding to our enthusiastic importunity, consider the matter and decide that frames about eight feet high with a width of about half that amount would be the best proportion. One by two-inch furring strips could be used for such small and temporary frames, and the manual training man suggests that, with careful handling, they might be covered with forty-two-inch heavy detail paper which could be decorated by the drawing teacher in colored chalk. Fearing to exceed the dollar ninety-eight limit, it is decided to trust ourselves to the skill and forbearance of the stage force—keeping a reserve of two or three screen covers ready in case of the expected calamities of amateur production. The drawing teacher asks to see the paper, however, and promptly pronounces its color to be hideous. Cloth, sized and painted in the customary manner meets with the disapproval of the business manager on the score of expense, and heavy but inexpensive building paper of proper hue is compromised on.



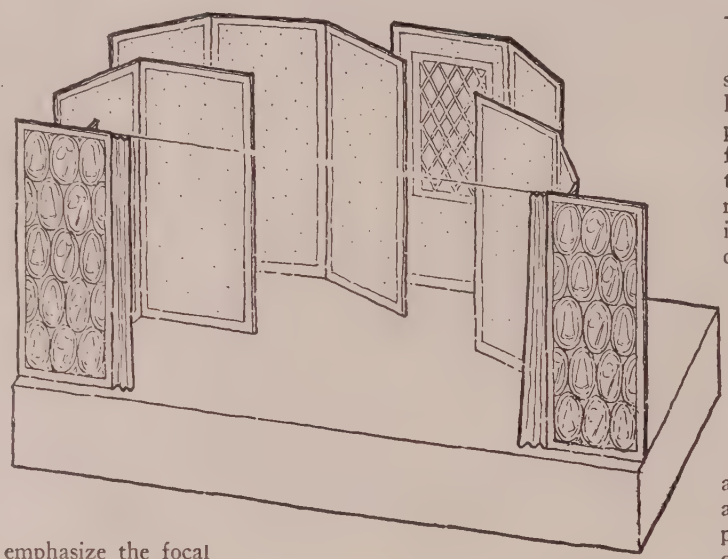
Screen setting for Olivia's Room in *Twelfth Night,* one of a set of eight sketches showing the screen treatment and complete working plans for the entire production, designed by Mr. Smalley for THEATRE MAGAZINE. This set of drawings, all drawn to scale, is offered to our readers as a special service feature in connection with the High School Series, now running in THEATRE MAGAZINE, at the very nominal price of $7.50! Address the Editor, The Amateur Stage Department

NOW we go to the text to find out the number and kind of settings required and discover that there are no less than three interior and six exterior scenes. In dismay the English teacher is appealed to. She smiles at our ignorance and informs us that by combination and elimination the number may be reduced to two interiors and three exteriors. However, since we are using only screens and not full sets, we had better plan for the following: The Sea Coast, The Duke's Palace, Olivia's House, A Street, Olivia's Garden, A Dungeon, and Before Olivia's House. Taking the cue from her in the matter of "combination and elimination," we hopefully proceed with our task.

We find that the architect has done us an unwitting service in that he omitted windows, decorations or other disturbances directly behind the lecture platform, leaving a rough plaster wall, which makes an admirable background—without additional cost. We are told that a plaster "horizont" is a much coveted background, so we cheerfully adopt the German and blissfully—in the sense that "ignorance is bliss"—apply it to our flat wall and save the considerable expense of a screen background.

FIRST we attempt the sea coast—rocks, sky, ocean, with the off-stage hidden. Very well, let's arrange the screens hiding the off-stage in places where we will need them for the next scene and indicate the rocks and sky line with cut-outs at the back. A grayish purple for the rocks and a dark, cold blue for the ocean, modulating well under the dim lighting of the scene.

The Duke's Palace calling for some show of elegance, we arrange a balustrade with silhouetted cypress trees to enrich the background, while the screens behind the Duke's seat, which is appropriately draped, are covered with rich hangings to emphasize the focal point. Aforesaid "rich hangings" are of Canton or outing flannel, stencilled with radiator and calcimine paint into truly decorative enrichments by the skill of the drawing teacher. The shift is accomplished by rearranging one flat and draping it and its neighbor, introducing the seat and changing the cut-outs at the back and, of course, the lighting.



A screen arrangement for the street scene in *Twelfth Night*

For Olivia's House we arrange a simple wall with vacancies at the side, suggesting entrances, and add a new screen with a diamond-paned window in it. The opening of the window is in the screen proper, the diamond panes being cut out of another sheet and fastened over the opening, being replaced in the dungeon scene by a crossbar cut-out. A square-legged table, the proud achievement of one of the boys in the wood-shop, and two or three stools are obtained gratis. We mustn't forget the dollar ninety-eight limit!

The street where Antonio indulges in hero worship presents some difficulties, but after all we are frankly using screens, so we will frankly arrange them, suggestive of the irregular, narrow byways so characteristic of the picturesque Continental towns, and let it go at that.

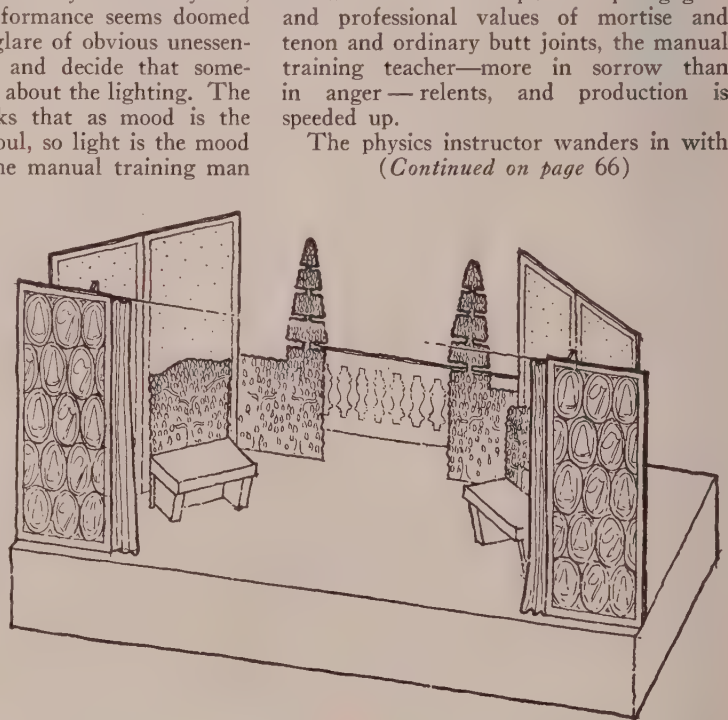
OLIVIA'S GARDEN rather tempts us to formalism, and we use a symmetrical scheme. The Duke's lounge is undraped and found to be two distinct benches, to which we add backs—to hide the conspirators. These backs are covered with a conventionalized hedge *motif*. If we are sufficiently clever, we may trace in the arrangement of the screens a suggestion of the arrangement of the plot. As the balance or rhythm of the setting in the Duke's Palace emphasizes the centering of interest in the Duke and his troubles, so this setting, with its sort of symmetrical duet, expresses the double centers of interest in the action—Olivia and Cesario—not to mention Malvolio and "the lesser people."

We now come to the dungeon. The center of interest is Malvolio behind the bars, so we will replace the diagonal window cut-out with the crossbars and put it in a place where his acting may be seen to advantage. The walls are arranged in lines converging upon him to suggest confinement.

And finally we come before Olivia's House. Let's make it the entrance gateway. A wall, a deeply recessed opening serving alike to suggest a sturdy enclosure and to provide a focal point for important action, two benches—Olivia evidently believed in standardization and had all of her benches made alike—and the gate with its symbolic perforations, and that is all.

SO much for the skeleton form of the settings. Arranged in the too well distributed light of the auditorium for rehearsal, they suggest only what they are, and the whole performance seems doomed to fizzle out in a glare of obvious unessentials. We confer and decide that something must be done about the lighting. The art teacher remarks that as mood is the expression of the soul, so light is the mood of the drama. The manual training man suggests more succinctly that what we need is less light and more of it—after which Irish-ism we appeal to the instructor in physics.

We talk to him in terms of mood, balance, emphasis, and elimination, and he answers us in terms of watts, amperes, resistances, and the coefficient of utilization. Getting down to brass tacks, however, we decide to invest a portion of our dollar ninety-eight in dishpans or other suitable but inexpensive light reflectors, and in colored gelatines or tissue papers for coloring the lights.



The screens shown above, rearranged for Olivia's Garden

UPON investigation, though, we find that lighting by reflectors is not feasible, as by this time the beloved architect has slighted us also in the matter of amperes. We act just in time to save a small freshman, who is leaving with a basket at the request of the jocular student stage manager, from a long trip to the engineer in search of said amperes. It is finally decided to accept fate and concentrate what light we have at points of importance, leaving the rest of the setting to mellow into suggestful darkness. To do this, the physics instructor offers the batteries and battery chargers, provided that we furnish, by raid or otherwise, a sufficient number of automobile searchlights, which require but about six amperes apiece. The cars of the entire stage force are at once denuded of spotlights—in prospect. In prospect also are the sputterings of the parents. We accept the first and brave the second and leave the physics instructor busy with his wiring, as he mentally plans on purloining the gymnasium high jump standards to fasten the spotlights to.

RETURNING to the shop, we find that just one frame has been made—beautifully made with mortise and tenon joints. By rapid calculation we find that at the present rate of progress, the last frame will be complete the night following the performance! Diplomatically we suggest a simpler joint, and after more or less warm discussion on the comparative pedagogical and professional values of mortise and tenon and ordinary butt joints, the manual training teacher—more in sorrow than in anger — relents, and production is speeded up.

The physics instructor wanders in with

(*Continued on page* 66)

The Amateur's Green Room

Behind the Scenes in the Colleges, Schools, Clubs and Little Theatres

RENSSELAER Polytechnic Institute, which is the oldest school of science and engineering in any English-speaking country, and which has exerted a profound influence not only upon development in these fields, but also upon the education of women, upon the college curriculum, upon graduate study and upon the schools of agriculture, celebrated the hundredth anniversary of its foundation. One of the features of the celebration was a pageant, directed by Mr. Thomas Wood Stevens.

The pageant was designed for performance on a series of stages which included the various levels of a picturesque eminence at the end of the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute Athletic Field.

The historic scenes were based on documentary evidence, and in each, certain speeches were given directly from the correspondence of the characters or from early official publications of the school.

JUNIOR LEAGUE FOLLIES AT KANSAS CITY

JUNIOR LEAGUE offered a splendid show to Kansas City in the *Junior League Follies,* which was presented at the Shubert Theatre throughout the week beginning December 8. There were tuneful songs, beautiful scenic effects, good comedy and attractive costumes.

The League imported Ned Wayburn to Kansas City from New York this year to stage its annual revue, and Mr. Wayburn did himself proud in the matter of putting together two dozen scenes and musical numbers into a smooth-running, consistent, entertaining whole.

The audience was large and enthusiastic and the box-office receipts for the week exceeded twenty-five thousand dollars, establishing a new record for amateur theatricals, and young Kansas City society did much toward bringing joy and happiness to numerous charity organizations in that city.

VERONICA'S VEIL

AN amateur production that has been played over four hundred times during the past ten years and which has attracted close to half a million persons to West Hoboken, N. J., is the record of *Veronica's Veil,* America's Passion Play. This vivid and impressive religious drama is only produced during the Lenten season.

The players, numbering over three hundred of both sexes, work in the silk mills of West Hoboken during the day and in the evening are carefully coached and trained in the rôles that they are to portray by priests of St. Joseph's Church, where the sacred drama is staged and many of the players possess rare talent and ability. Rehearsals for the eleventh season have been going on for several months, although the opening performance will not occur until March 1, 1925.

An auditorium, comfortably seating 1,472 persons and modern in every respect, has been erected especially to accommodate the vast numbers who annually visit the American Oberammergau. All the money received from the sale of tickets goes to perpetuate and carry on the work of various charities. The players receive no compensation except the honor of being members of the cast. Rev. Father Bernard, C. P., is the supervising director.

MRS. W. K. VANDERBILT 2D'S PERSIAN JAZZ FÊTE

MRS. William K. Vanderbilt 2nd, who has established the custom of giving an annual entertainment for the Big Sisters, this year decided on a Persian Jazz Fête, staged by Ned Wayburn, and it was given in the large ballroom of the Plaza Hotel on the night of Friday, December 19.

Forty young women of society, including many of this season's débutantes, were trained by Ned Wayburn for a beautifully arranged ballet. There were solo dances by six of the young women, who appeared in elaborate costumes. They were the Misses Grace Bristed, Felicia Fisk, Dorothy Sharp, Nancy Yuille, Pauline Cabot and Muriel Vanderbilt.

The scene was in a Persian Garden, built by Robert Law Studios.

The solo dancers were Miss Grace Bristed, Miss Felicia Fisk, Miss Elsie Benkard, Mrs. J. Wanamaker, Miss C. Dewes, Mrs. C. Carstairs, Miss M. Kahn, Mrs. H. F. Armstrong, Miss Dorothy Sharp, Miss C. Clendenin, Mrs. Richard Hall, Miss R. Pillot, Miss F. Riker, Miss M. de Rham, Mrs. M. Saportas, Miss Nancy Yuille, Miss C. Demorest, Miss H. Camac, Mrs. S. Brewster, Miss E. Hollins, Miss L. Iselin, Miss F. Davison, Miss Pauline Cabot, Miss Muriel Vanderbilt.

Ned Wayburn, well-known Broadway producer, putting Miss Muriel Vanderbilt through the paces of a new dance number for the Persian Jazz Fête, given by Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt 2nd

CORNELL DRAMATIC CLUB

THE Cornell Dramatic Club, a university organization at Ithaca, New York, under the direction of Prof. A. M. Drummond, is this year carrying out the most ambitious and successful work attempted since the founding of the club in 1909, when it was organized by the Department of Public Speaking to afford undergraduates of the university opportunities for training in dramatic expression, and experience in the directing and staging of plays. The club has been presenting a group of short plays or a long production each week-end since the beginning of the college year.

Plans for the work of the second term are well advanced and an adaptation of Beaumont and Fletcher's *The Coxcomb,* Jacinto Benavente's *His Widow's Husband* and *The Washtub,* a medieval farce translated from the French, are now in rehearsal. The club has been unusually successful in designing effective settings, although obliged to work on a small stage in a college lecture room, ill suited for dramatic productions. Scenes from their plays will be reproduced in an early issue.

Sparkling Beads Adorn Gowns For Evening Wear

TO trace the history of beads as a feminine adornment from their earliest appearance, as revealed in the confines of ancient sarcophagi, to the present-day world of fashion, would be a task for the historian alone. But what does concern every woman to-day who constantly seeks the newest and smartest in clothes is the fact that, in spite of innumerable warnings and sinister proclamations against the popular beaded dress . . none other than this same beaded dress reigns more gloriously than ever this season. In fact, never was the saying, "All is not gold that glitters," more true. Silver-lined crystal beads, generally called bugle beads, in all manner of shape and size, have come to stay. To say nothing of beautifully tinted pearls, metal, wooden and composition beads that scatter in artistic profusion over the favorite evening frock.

Maybe, in your shopping "moments" about the stores, you have wondered at the moderate prices of beaded gowns. And as you tried one on and saw yourself transformed into shimmering loveliness, you just could not believe your eyes. Perhaps you were tempted to doubt its value, at so small a cost, . . and perhaps even you walked out without purchasing it because some well-minded friend volunteered the discouraging remark: "My dear, it won't wear." If, then, you have been deferred from the luxury of counting at least one beaded dress in your wardrobe, it will not be long before you will succumb to its inevitable choice; for to be in fashion's good graces, you must possess at least one. And when you wear a sparkling dance frock or theatre wrap, remember that the tremendous bead industry in this country is organized to make possible for you these creations, from the most exclusive dressmaking establishments to the smaller manufacturer of women's wear.

Before the great World War, when Paris not only commanded the fashions of two continents, but in addition supplied all dress trimming of a certain character, American houses were dependent upon the importation of these. It was then an expensive process to turn out of the workroom a gown "dripping" beads. Also the weight was a considerable item in the "pros and cons" of the question. So, with the first outbreak of the great war in Europe, American ingenuity was put to the test. And just as other industries learned to stand on their own feet, so did the "America First" slogan begin to echo in the workrooms of New York's busiest gown centers. Demands poured in for beads, and from that moment began a campaign to establish our "Bead Independence," with plans for its permanency. The results one sees not only in the shop windows or private salons of our leading establishments, but every conceivable accessory is adorned in some manner with beads. Beautiful indeed are the rich patterns to be found on gowns and wraps for evening wear, inspired from designs all over the world, worked in multicolor gems and beads.

At a recent private fashion display in a well-known gown establishment in New York, a dance frock for the young girl was shown which brings forth something new in a dainty Marie Antoinette period embroidered design, of pale flesh chiffon over white satin. Its round neck and sleeves bordered with a band of intricately woven tiny pearls, tinted pale pink, blue and vert, and crystals, with a mauve ribbon *motif*

Photo Muray

The Magnolia Lady, **in the person of gracious, adorable Ruth Chatterton in a pensive mood, wearing this beautiful yellow chiffon velvet gown, with pear-shaped rhinestones and pearls. The matching ostrich fringe has tiny gold beads knotted at the ends. The sumptuous two-tone brown velvet wrap with fur collar is heavily embroidered with crystal beads, in a "bird-of-love" design at the back in soft tones of rose. Both wrap and gown from Stein & Blaine**

Pauline Armitage, recently appearing in *Cobra*, delights the world of fashion in a Boue Sœurs dance frock of exquisite delicacy. Truly French in conception, the robe is of silver lace, with embroidered net *motifs* and a cluster of ostrich feathers at the natural waistline

Frances Howard, selected for the star part in the screen version of *The Swan*, introduces the type of hat to be worn for the coming season. Again the small hat wins, varied slightly by the upturned brim in front. Made in delicate mauve, a bunch of violets provides a smart touch on the crown of the hat. From Bruck-Weiss

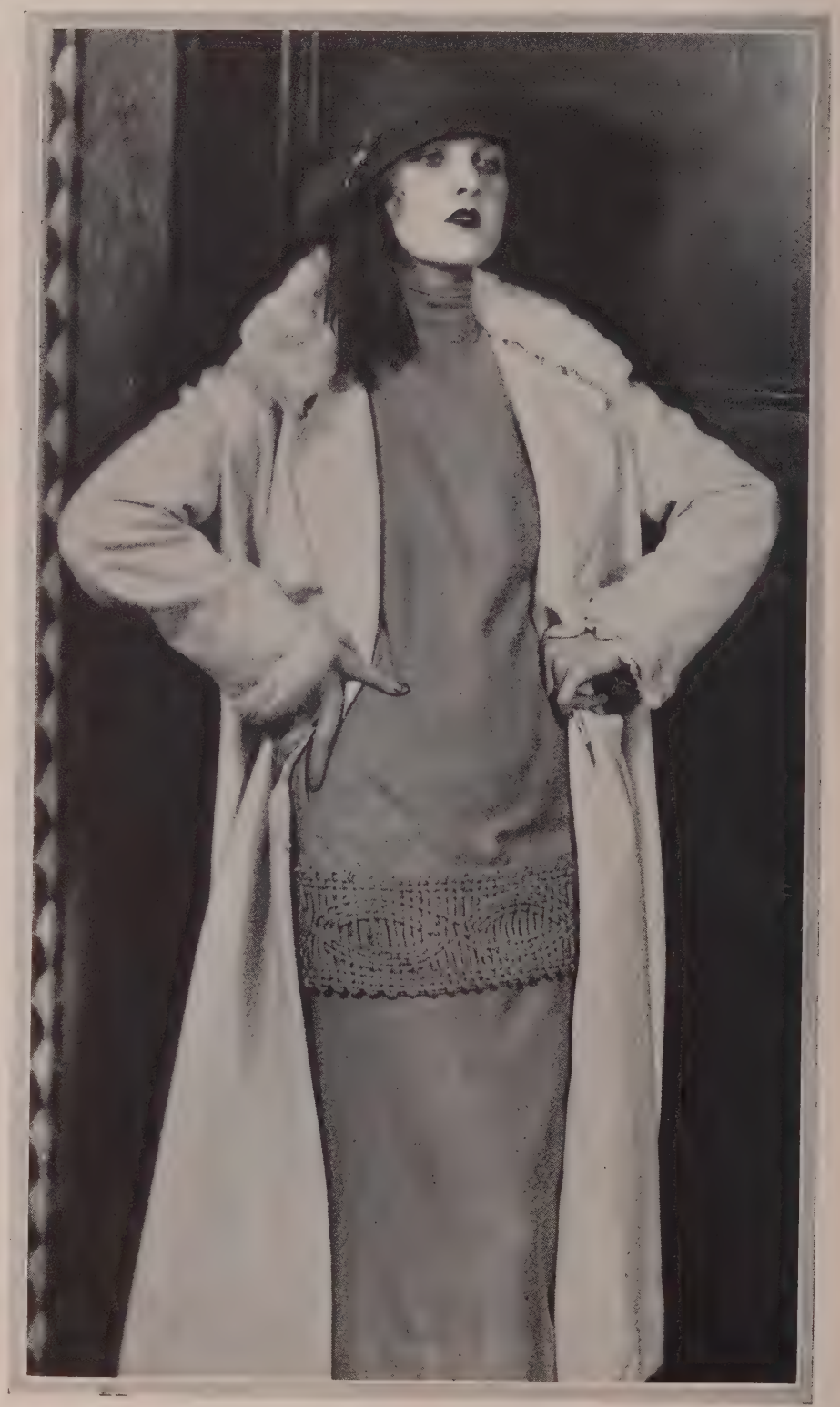
running through the whole, of frosted crystals, tumbling down the left side and finishing in an empire bow at the bottom of the dress. A truly charming frock, with all the spirit of the gay French courts of long ago, with to-day's youthful silhouette.

Perhaps one factor stands out as preeminently influencing the popularity of beaded dresses . . the question of artificial lighting at places where they are more generally worn. Large ballrooms or after-the-theatre restaurants are usually dimly lighted, almost sombre. And the most studied gown combining color is lost when at the mercy of dull lights. It has become necessary to enliven the gown with bright, sparkling trimming. It is surprising the instant effect of just a few scintillating beads, tastefully worked into the gown. Immediately its wearer becomes identified in a crowded assemblage. This point is very clearly illustrated in the musical comedy, *The Magnolia Lady,* where, in the third act, Ruth Chatterton, the gracious star, wears a white chiffon gown, its three-tiered skirt ending in alternate points and covered with silver beads that glisten across the footlights, a mass of shimmering silver. This gown, made for Miss Chatterton by Henry Bendel, dominates the stage at a time when many other pretty and effective gowns flitter back and forth in the ensemble songs.

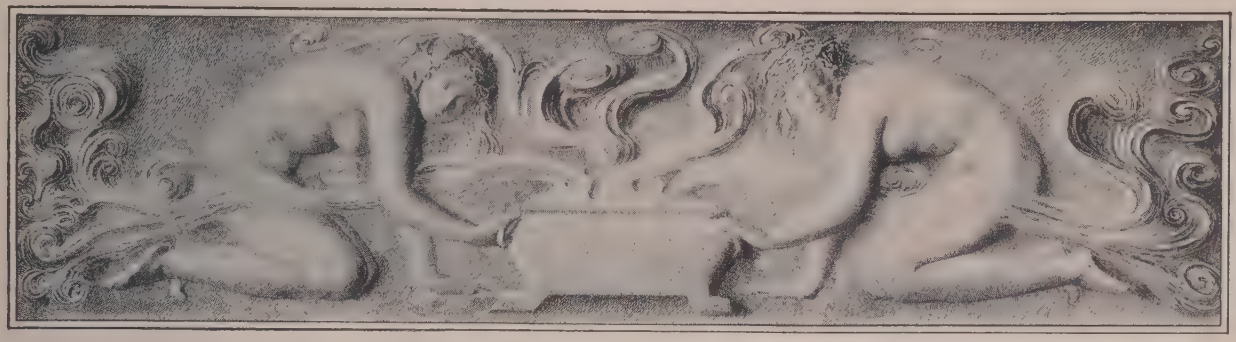
It is safe to assume that beads of brilliancy and color will remain the accepted trimming for evening wear throughout this coming spring and summer. Paris has sponsored them wherever trimming is to remain the principal feature of an evening frock. Doucet, Callot, Molyneux, Patou and other famous couturiers of Paris continue to send to our shores beautiful beaded models, knowing that the American woman, with rare exception, is partial to the subtle grace of a radiant gown. Perhaps, because no matter what her age or figure, she is sure of looking her best.

The regality of sparkling attire has today come within the reach of every allowance purse. And to the woman who knows, what greater satisfaction than to behold herself as she stands before the mirror just before going to her "theatre-and-supper" engagement . . arrayed in sparkling loveliness, feeling sure of her gown, and consequently . . sure of herself.

Then, too, one finds the most flattering and youthful turbans and headbands fashioned of beaded tissues or studded with brilliantly colored beads in jewel effect. Miss Kendall Lee is pictured below wearing this type of head-dress. The transparent turban is of gold tissue, with its Cleopatra brim elaborately embroidered in gold and jewel beads—truly a most engaging head-dress for evening, with or without a wrap. Any night at the opera or in boxes of theatres which are known to invite smart audiences one observes that beaded effects are still in vogue and have come to stay along with jewels, ermine and lace.



Kathlene Martyn, playing in *Lady, Be Good,* is smartly attired in an outfit for the South. A two-piece frock of coral jersey buttons half-way down the back, allowing the collar to be worn high or low. With it is worn a flaring hat in crêpe to match the coral lining of the white kasha top-coat. Costume from Bruck-Weiss



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Leonora Hughes, who dances nightly at the smart Club Trocadero, has likewise earned a reputation for wearing very smart frocks. Most of her dancing frocks are *bouffant*, but at other times they are very straight and short. This delightful little gown, designed by Bergdorf-Goodman, is of lobster red crêpe and metal cloth, with an unusual flaring tunic

Kendall Lee, the graceful dancer of the popular Lido-Venice Supper Club, presents an adorable afternoon wrap for Southern wear. It is fashioned of very luminous, clinging gold cloth of heavy weave, lined with coral silk and collared in beige fur. Designed by H. Jaeckel & Sons

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THE WORLD'S MOST DARING DRAMATIST

(*Continued from page* 9)

tell at a glance that here is a man, different from the ordinary human, whose entire existence is wrapped up in the development of one great idea. He is tall and slim, and his pale face, the two noticeable features of which are his broad, high forehead and his large, melancholy eyes (the eyes of an introspective dreamer), stamp him as a man apart.

He is a lonely man, sitting high above the valley of humanity and looking down with pitiless and yet at the same time kindly tolerance into the heart of mankind. Like a skilled physician, he probes deeply into the hidden elements of the human soul and analyzes the complex ingredients which form the character of men and women.

Practically every criticism of his recent plays has emphasized the Freudian nature of his plots, but in all justice to the author, he has not consciously produced this effect in his work. It may be that while at Geneva, which at the time of his visit was a hotbed of Freudian discussion, Lenormand became interested to the extent that he subconsciously was influenced, but when I talked of this to him, he denied emphatically that he was deliberately handling such problems.

He goes far in his search for knowledge. He has been called fanatical because he is far in advance of the average modern playwright. He is justly entitled to being denominated the successor of Henri Becque and François de Curel, and together with Jules Romain and Crommelin, named as among the foremost dramatic writers of France to-day.

Lenormand is unique in that his work has been produced in other countries and, from an international point of view, takes precedence over all other French playwrights. Max Reinhardt produced *Les Ratés* in Vienna, and this play was also received with enthusiasm in Berlin, Prague, Rome, Christiania and other European cities. His *L'Homme et ses Fantômes* was recently seen in New York. He is the first modern French author to be accepted as a dramatist of importance by the leading theatres of Europe.

LET THERE BE LIGHT

(*Continued from page* 20)

ciated the lively interpretation of the Russians, although it was acted in a foreign language, whereas during the English performance people frequently walked out because they could not see.

All these observations lead me to believe that foreign directors are not responsible for the gloom in our modern theatres. The artists mentioned are distinguished actors who recognize the psychological value of facial expression and never permit their players to act unseen. They use accenting lights thrown from the balcony so that the stage may be flooded as the rhythm and movement of the performance may demand. They work for the play.

But the American actor is at the mercy of the scenic artist who knows nothing of the actor's craft. Only a star of the magnitude of John Barrymore has authority to control or suggest lighting effects. Mr. Barrymore, through his experience in moving pictures, knows better than any other popular actor the fortune in the face, which he keeps perfectly lighted when he is on the stage.

So often the scenic artist is carried away by his zeal for pictorial effects that he forgets that the audience pays to see a play complete in all its details. Instead of supplying a sympathetic, unobtrusive setting and lighting the faces of the actors, he lights staircases, windows, chairs, tables, all for his own "effects," losing sight of his real purpose in the theatre, which is—to help the play.

The theatre of the future is in the hands of America. It is a great heritage. Let not the scenic artist hinder its progress! Let us have the play. Let us both *see* and hear. Let not our interest be lost in darkness! Oh, Lord! let there be light! "The play's the thing!"

Henry Clay Barnabee told of a funny incident that occurred when he was playing in *Mascot,* an operetta very popular in Boston.

"It was in the rôle of Lorenzo," he said, "that I had one of those embarrassing little accidents from which a comedian is always expected to extricate himself with some brilliant flash of wit. In making a quick entrance, an important part of my costume caught on the scenery and was—that is to say, *they* were torn from their moorings. They were in imminent peril of dropping off, and the audience were *on!*

"I made a quick, firm clutch with one hand, gesticulated with the other, and to Rocco's cue, 'Your Highness, I have an idea,' answered: 'Give it to the costumer!' Then I added: 'Roccy, I have an idea also.'

"'Put a couple of buttons on it,' replied Frothy.

"The audience roared, Bettina shook in a suppressed spasm of giggling, a stage-hand fell off the paint-bridge—and the delicate crisis was past."—From *My Wanderings,* by Henry Clay Barnabee.

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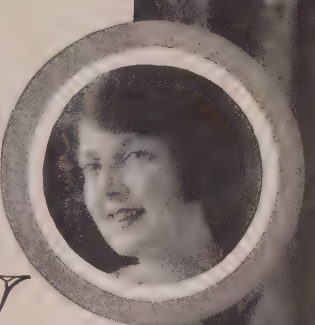

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Claiborne Foster.

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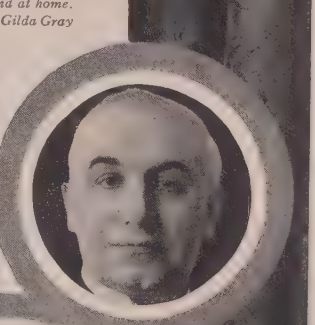

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Leon Rothier.

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Blanche Yurka.

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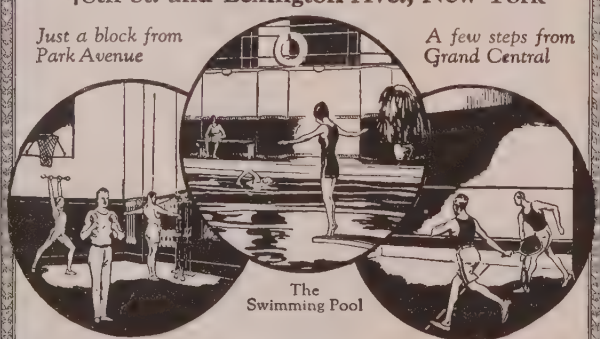

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WHEN "THE STICKS" BLOSSOM

(*Continued from page* 22)

of having a birthday party. It was a family affair. The Westmans always seemed to be satisfied with the family group. We didn't make many friends. The birthday party was at the old Barrington House. Do you remember it, a theatrical boarding-house on Broadway and Forty-third Street? It was torn down to make room for an office building.

"I went on the stage soon after that outburst of laughter at the comedian. I have been in vaudeville with the family until I went out last year, playing the daughter in *Lightnin'*.

"No, I wasn't much excited over a first night in New York. Maybe it's because I am too young to realize my good luck. I tried to make all my points as well as I could. I was glad I didn't have to play a flapper. Of course she makes love to the young man all through the play, but it isn't the flappy kind of love. Mother says the part is a sign of the return to the stage of the old-time ingénue.

"Yes, I liked what the critics said about me. I was glad they agreed upon the word real. That is what I have always tried to be."

Catherine Willard called on William A. Brady and in five minutes signed a contract for five years. She had read the rôle of Julie in *Simon Called Peter,* stopped to make a suggestion about the nurse's mental attitude in the last act, and was interrupted by Mr. Brady's pressing of the buzzer in his desk and a request to his secretary for a blank contract. Pending rehearsals of *Simon Called Peter,* he lent her services for the rôle of the devoted wife who "played dead" to humor her husband's vanity in *The Mask and the Face.*

The critics and public recognized in her sincerity and a sure technique. "My father was a newspaper man and my mother is a newspaper woman," she told me between a long rehearsal and a catching the train for a small-town opening of the play from the novel that sold 85,000. "I lived in England or France from the time I was six. Mother took me to see the plays at the Comédie Française. I made my début in a child's part in a Drury Lane melodrama. I joined the Benson repertoire company and played the provinces in Shakespearian repertoire. I kept on playing in Shakespearian repertoire companies. When I came back to the United States I was with the Jewett players in stock in Boston.

"My life has been of the theatre and naturally I have thought a great deal about it. Spontaneity seems to me to be the soul of acting. But form is its body. One must have both. I have in my mind the image of a crystal. Right acting is like that crystal. It has a high reflective power, an unquestioned clearness."

CONFESSIONS OF A PLAYWRIGHT

(*Continued from page* 28)

then, as his crowning glory, becoming the impresario of the Metropolitan Opera House. He was a man of wonderful self-confidence, and at a certain stage of his progress he came into intimate relations with a group of very wealthy men whose influence enabled his ambition to attain its summit.

But with Conried's advancement in the local theatre he acquired, and not unnaturally, a sense of self-importance. He was an undersized man, whose inches were not at all increased by the high silk hat he habitually wore. He was a rather difficult man to argue with, especially as Aronson had spoiled him by never arguing with him. In brief, he became a typical stage director.

The stage director is a difficult proposition. If he knows anything at all, he is apt to come to the conclusion that he knows everything. The average theatre manager not only knows nothing at all about art, but is proud in proclaiming his ignorance; so being compelled to rely on somebody, he hires a stage director and not only relies on him, but accredits him with a universal knowledge compared to which the Encyclopedia Britannica becomes a nursery book.

The stage director, in consequence, feels a sense of importance which no mere mortal should ever be ordained to feel. He is perforce compelled to be a *poseur,* for if his employer should ever discover his fallibility he would lose his job.

Many cogent remarks might here be made on the imbecile exhibitions that obtain in this country as evidences of so-called stage directing, but there is no use in bunching my excoriations; they will creep out from time to time, in spite of myself, as my journey proceeds.

It was small wonder then that Conried, who was, it is only fair to admit, a not unskillful man, found himself rather power-drunken in the employ of Aronson, who allowed him his own sweet will without the slightest let or hindrance. Now as a chain's strength is measured by its weakest link, so Conried's strength, when measured by his sense of humor, lost in magnificence. And even if Conried had been an authority on humor, the difference between the German brand of it, in which he had been raised, and the American brand would have been quite marked enough to place him at a disadvantage.

(*Continued on page* 56)

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February—Twenty-Five Years Ago

DOROTHY DONNELLY was playing the title-rôle in *Nell Gwyn* at the Murray Hill Theatre.

When Knighthood Was in Flower, a romantic play by Paul Kester, was the vehicle for a distinguished cast which included Julia Marlowe, Frederick Burt, Frank Reicher and Bruce McRae.

Nat Goodwin was starring in *When We Were Twenty-one* at the Knickerbocker Theatre.

Unleavened Bread, a play written by Leo Ditrichstein in collaboration with Robert Grant, was produced at the Savoy Theatre, with George Fawcett, Eleanor Robson and Margaret Fuller in the cast.

Fritzi Scheff made her début at the Metropolitan Opera House, singing Mussetta in *La Bohême.* Others who sang under the famous Grau management were Nordica, Plançon, Scotti and Melba.

Frank Daniels, one of Broadway's best loved comedians, as he appeared in 1902 in *Miss Simplicity* at the Casino

Barbara Frietchie was produced at the Academy of Music, with Effie Ellsler in the title-rôle.

O. P. Heggie was playing "stock" in Australia.

My Lady Dainty was presented at Hoyt's Theatre, with Herbert Kelcey, Richard Dillon, Guy Bates Post, William Boag, Winona Shannon and Mrs. Isabel Waldron in the cast.

Jenny Kenmark was appearing in *A Celebrated Case* at the American Theatre.

The Girl from Up There was produced at the Herald Square Theatre for the reappearance in New York of Edna May. She was supported by Otis Harlan, Harry Davenport and Fred Stone.

Anna Held was starring in *Papa's Wife.*

Chauncey Olcott was the star in the New York première of *Garret O'Magh,* a play by Augustus Pitou.

Tom Pinch, a dramatization of Dickens' *Martin Chuzzlewit,* was presented at the Garden Theatre.

Louis Mann and Clara Lipman were appearing in *All on Account of Eliza.*

Jacob Adler was appearing in Gordin's *The Jewish Priest* in Boston.

Aubrey Boucicault was playing the rôle of Vincius in *Quo Vadis.*

Bertha Kalish as she looked twenty-five years ago, when she was known as the Yiddish Sappho

Willie Edouin retired from the cast of *Floradora* at the Casino Theatre and was succeeded by W. J. Ferguson.

Billie Burke was appearing with a group of pantomime players in Glasgow.

Raymond Hitchcock was playing in *Vienna Life,* a Johann Strauss operetta, which was proving popular at the Broadway Theatre.

Madame Sembrich, under the management of C. L. Graff, was singing in the *Barber of Seville, Traviata, Don Pasquale* and *Faust* at the Boston Theatre.

Joseph Coyne, Walter Jones and Harry Bulger were appearing in *The Night of the Fourth* at the Republic Theatre.

Frank Gillmore was appearing in George Fawcett's stock company in Baltimore.

Lawrence D'Orsay was playing the rôle of Louis VII in *A Royal Family,* which was having a long run at the Lyceum Theatre.

John Hare was playing the title-rôle in *The Gay Lord Quex.*

Jefferson De Angelis was touring in *The Jolly Musketeers.*

Maude Adams was starring in *L'Aiglon,* Rostand's poetic drama of Napoleon's unhappy heir.

Two old-time favorites, Effie Shannon and Herbert Kelcey, in Martha Morton's play, *Her Lord and Master,* seen at the Manhattan Theatre a quarter of a century ago

William H. Crane was appearing in *David Harum.*

Helen MacGregor was playing in *The Ensign* at the American Theatre.

Among the plays which were drawing large audiences to the Murray Hill Theatre were *The Man from Mexico* and *A Social Highwayman.*

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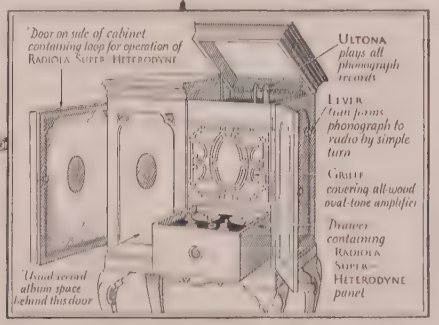
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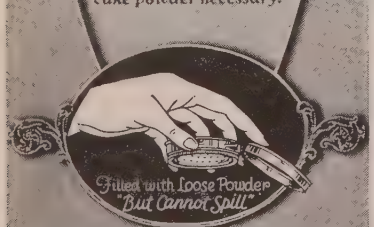

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SECRETS OF THE PROPERTY-ROOM

(*Continued from page* 10)

correct effect. The stage-hands had clambered back into the loft with their bag of cannon-balls and Daly had returned to his post at the rear of the auditorium. Weidhaas was waiting to give the signal that would start the balls rolling, when there sounded a loud rumble and roar, followed by a resounding crash. Daly came striding down the aisle, waving his arms in the air.

"That's the worst yet!" he shouted. "For Heaven's sake, let's get this right!"

Weidhaas stuck his head cautiously out of the wings.

"That wasn't us, Mr. Daly," he called. "That was the thunder-storm outside."

Daly never forgot that thunder-storm and often used to tell the joke on himself.

FRANCIS WILSON'S CHEESE BATH

FRANCIS WILSON had an experience with stage props some years ago that I don't believe he ever forgot either. I know he was made quite ill at the time, and the Lyceum Theatre, I think it was, had to be fumigated after the thing was over. At the end of the second act a foot-tub was brought on the scene and Wilson was supposed to put his bare feet into a boiling mustard bath. To get the effect of steam, a quantity of powdered lime was placed in the tub, and when the maid poured in a pitcher of warm water, clouds of vapor arose which looked very much like real steam.

There happened to be a German stage-hand working at the Lyceum at that time who was very fond of Limburger cheese. During this particular matinée performance he had evidently sneaked in a bite of lunch and, when called to work, had hurriedly cached what remained of the cheese in the tin tub, standing with a pile of props in the wings. When it came time to use the tub, whoever placed the lime in it apparently did not notice the cheese and the maid carried the prop onto the stage, placed it at Wilson's feet and poured in the warm water.

I shall never forget the expression on the comedian's face as the first whiff of the frightful odor assailed his nostrils. He gasped, clutched at his nose and rose quickly to his feet. Luckily, the curtain fell immediately on the end of the act or I don't know what would have happened. As it was, the foul stench crept out into the auditorium and within ten minutes had converted the Lyceum Theatre into a fair imitation of a Chicago pork pen. The frightened stage-hand kept mum and the thing was something of a mystery for a long while. If Mr. Wilson reads this, he will probably learn, for the first time, exactly what happened to his foot-bath on that memorable occasion.

In elaborate productions like *Mecca*, *Casanova* or *The Blue Bird* the property-man has his hands full. At least ninety per cent. of all the "dressing" on the stage, including trap-doors and invisible wires, are his particular care. And the leading lady generally depends on him to remember what she did with her powder-puff. Sometimes all the "junk" in an elaborate set has to be changed very quickly, as in *The Best People*, now playing on Broadway, where a complete change is made in exactly fifty-nine seconds. In such cases the "clearers," as they are called, are stationed at their posts in the wings at the conclusion of the act and at a signal from the property-man they rush on—each to his own particular piece of furniture or prop—and whisk off the old and put on the new prop in the twinkling of an eye.

And everything has to be done carefully, even though it is done quickly. I recall an instance where a "clearer" forgot to buckle down a door-sill. The actor who made his entrance through that particular door tripped and fell flat on the opening night. It got such a big laugh that it was included in the play after that as a regular piece of business. And I remember the night De Wolf Hopper, as the Mikado, sat on his wicker throne-chair, only to have it collapse and deposit him, in all his regal splendor, on the floor. The property-man got a nice calling down for that little accident and the following night saw to it that he had a chair that would support Mr. Hopper's bulk.

But stage props, like stage costumes, have reached that period in their evolution where imitations of the real thing—once so ingeniously contrived—are no longer tolerated. If an actress' dress is to be of silk, it is silk and not muslin that is used in the making.

To meet this demand for more finished and elaborate stage props some of the old property-men, like Edward Siedle and George Weidhaas have gone into the business of specializing in the manufacture of these theatrical requisites. They build all sorts of special props for the big producers, although one or two, like the Shuberts and Belasco, have their own property departments. Carpenters, wire-workers, tailors, cabinetmakers, seamstresses, wood carvers, shoemakers—all are engaged in this business of supplying props for the theatre.

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CONFESSIONS OF A PLAYWRIGHT

(*Continued from page 52*)

Conried's advice to the Casino actors was usually received with respectful consideration by all the company except the comedians. Among the latter, who came after Wilson, was Edwin Stevens, a man nearly seven feet tall, lanky and saturnine. He had his own methods of obtaining comic results, and everyone who has dealt with comedians knows what that means. You must either leave their methods alone or do without your comedy.

Conried ought to have known this. He had not made himself particularly popular with Stevens by his occasional unhumorous suggestions, and a great part of Stevens' daily task consisted in stifling his opinions about Conried's suggestions.

CONRIED'S COMIC IDEA

ONE day there came what may be called a development. Conried, looking a little more dapper even than usual in his well-cut frock coat and his unfailing emblem of office, his high silk hat, approached Stevens with a beaming face and a confident air.

"Stefens," he exclaimed, "I haf a ideea!"

"Yes," drawled Stevens dubiously.

The opera, I believe, was *Poor Jonathan,* in which Stevens shared the comic interest with Jefferson de Angelis.

"A verry good ideea for a verry comic effect."

"Let's have it."

"You go down on your hands and knees and make a imitation of a bear!"

"What?" gasped Stevens incredulously and Conried repeated the suggestion.

"I don't quite get you," said Stevens.

Once more Conried laboriously unfolded his scheme for comic effect. Then Stevens paused, seeming to take the matter under advisement—painfully.

"Yes," chirped Conried during the pause, "it would be verry, verry funny."

Then Stevens spoke mildly and with seeming artlessness.

"I don't think I quite understand what you want me to do, Mr. Conried. Perhaps you wouldn't mind *showing* me just what you mean."

Conried, always the actor, undertook to physically demonstrate his conception of a comic effect. Clad as he was in his choice raiment, additionally dignified with his imposing headgear, he went down on all fours, emitted several weird noises which he must have deemed more or less bear-like and then with a little less dignity unscrambled himself and rose to his feet and awaited Stevens' applause.

Stevens had stepped back and with folded arms sadly reviewed this remarkable exhibition of Conried's. Then, with more real dignity than even Conried had claimed, he waived the effort aside with a disdainful gesture and said:

"Don't like it! Don't like it!"

And as he turned up-stage the company roared. Stevens had made a big hit with everybody—except Conried.

De Wolf Hopper is too well known to the present generation of playgoers to require much historic comment. Unlike Francis Wilson, he has not withdrawn himself from active service, and anyone who knows anything about the theatre knows of his many successes in comic opera.

It may, however, be interesting to state that he began his career, not as a comedian, but as a leading man. Before he began to caper nimbly and more or less untrammeledly in the elastic domain of musical comedy, where he developed singular gifts of irrelevance and irreverence, he served an apprenticeship in the more confining fields of the drama. He always had a fine basso voice, and there is a legend afloat that at one time he aspired to grand opera.

McCaull, when he foresaw a secession from his ranks of Francis Wilson, lured Hopper from the Madison Square Theatre, where he was playing straight comedy parts, and put him into comic opera. He became Wilson's chief competitor.

DE WOLF HOPPER'S RISE TO FAME

UNLIKE Wilson, he lacked all physical eccentricities and had to rely on extravagance of speech and action to gain his effects. Singularly enough, he, whose previous training had been all along the lines of faithful adherence to the text, began to cut loose in his new field and say and do irresponsible things to get to his audience. One of his chief delights was to slip out of his part and make purely personal remarks to the public in front, who seemed thus to become intimately acquainted with him and take him to their hearts. While this is not the highest form of art, he consoled himself with the belief that all is fair in comic opera. I remember, in one scene of the opera of *The Black Hussar,* that he had to turn a windlass that required considerable physical effort. He suddenly stopped short, and wiping the perspiration from his forehead, exclaimed to the audience, "Maybe you think this is easy!"

For a long time during his season at Wallack's (or Palmer's as it became) it was his habit on receiving a new part, not to start in at once studying his lines, but to invent "gags" that he regarded as sure fire, and he stuck them in wherever he thought they might—or might not—fit. One faculty he possessed above all other comedians then in vogue—he never failed, in singing, to give every word of the text a point and significance that only a sense of humor allied to

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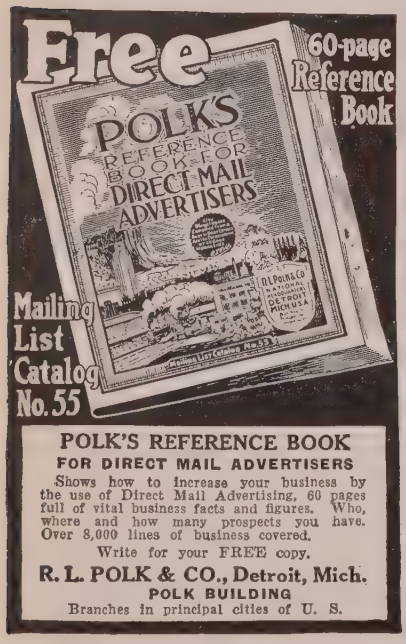

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an unusual voice could achieve. So when I adapted *The Black Hussar* for McCaull, it was a delight to listen to his rendering of his verses in the topical trio which I wrote, "Read the Answer in the Stars." The song became one of the popular hits of the day.

It was during De Wolf Hopper's tenure of office that I entered upon an important stage of my career.

THE LADY OR THE TIGER?

I HAD hitherto earned my main revenue by adapting foreign writers, contributing only original texts to some of the songs. Aspiring to opportunities for greater invention, I contracted with Mr. Frank R. Stockton for the right to make a libretto of his famous literary skit, *The Lady or the Tiger*. This, as you may recall, is a unique little conceit—it can hardly be called a story—that tells in a word how a condemned criminal is thrown into the arena, but is allowed the choice of entering one of two closed cages, one containing a tiger, the other a beautiful woman. A certain girl is in love with the criminal and becomes possessed of the secret of the cages. She catches the eye of her lover and points to one of the cages. Which did he enter—the lady's or the tiger's? There Stockton leaves off, and you can guess the answer to suit yourself.

It can readily be seen that some invention was required, not only to supply all the details as to the characters that should take part in the story (Stockton had given no further hint than that contained in the few printed pages summarized above), but to furnish a solution as well.

There was great interest in the production. Music to it was furnished by Mr. Julius J. Lyons, and I made a contract with McCaull to produce it. It was an exceedingly remunerative contract. The royalty was to be 10 per cent. of the gross receipts. Mr. Lyons had been paid outright a certain sum for his music. Mr. Stockton was allowed a reasonable fixed sum weekly for the use of his skit and the remaining proceeds were to be divided between Wilson and myself. Wilson had bought a share in my work. He was in love with the part, which, to tell the truth, I had written for him—that of a Spartan King—one Pausanias.

At the time I wrote it, I had believed it would fall to Wilson to play it, but he was tied up with the Aronsons, and as I was eager for a production (Wilson never forgave me for that production. He wanted me to wait till he was at liberty, not realizing that my financial strength, compared with his, justified some precipitancy), I made my contract with McCaull.

For a time McCaull flirted with Wilson or Wilson with McCaull, with the hope that Wilson might get released to create the part, but this threatened a rupture with Hopper, and so Hopper was cast for the Spartan King.

I must confess that at the time I was not quite happy over this. Hopper had so long been indulging himself in that irrelevancy I have mentioned that I was afraid he might have little respect for the spirit of high travesty in which I had written every line of the part. We had many anxious sessions together. I recalled to him the days when he had been a real actor. I appealed to him to revive for this occasion that special ability that had once been his—of sustaining his author. I am grateful to record that he completely yielded to my wishes, and it will always be a pleasure to me to recall the really superb performance he gave of the part. He made a great success both for himself and me. He was an entirely different Hopper, with all the mock majesty the part required—all the intensity of feeling necessary in the burlesque serious scenes, an unfailing appreciation of the humorous values and a stirring virtuosity in his rendering of the various songs, upon the text of which I naturally spread myself in the writing. It was this new Hopper who later on became identified with the Gilbert and Sullivan operas.

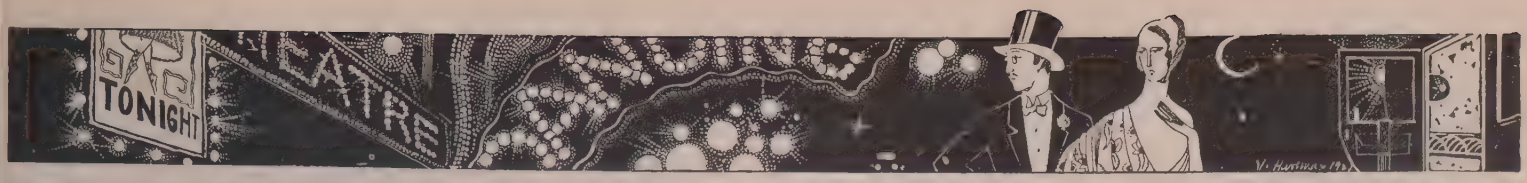
DE ANGELIS SCORES A HIT

ANOTHER performer who helped the success of *The Lady or the Tiger* was Jefferson de Angelis, who gave a remarkable performance of a decrepit prophet in my play.

A third outstanding performance was that of Mathilde Cottrelly, as the Spartan spinster. Mme. Cottrelly also contributed by her stage direction to the success of the piece. She was one of the few directresses employed in the theatre of that time. She had in earlier days managed the Thalia Theatre in New York, where her own star performances in German comedy established her as a favorite, and during the entire McCaull régime her talents both as directress and singing comédienne were called into play.

There may be some readers who are curious to know whether I selected the lady's or the tiger's cage as the ultimate doom of my tenor. I will say that the king's daughter, whom I made in love with the condemned man, rather than deliver him into the arms of another woman, points to the tiger's cage. So much for the psychology of the thing—but it had to have a comic-opera finish. By some hocus pocus the tiger has been poisoned and the old maid of my story gets herself smuggled, as a substitute, into his cage. So when she gets herself chosen by the handsome tenor—— But that's another story!

(To be continued.)



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THE PLAY GUIDE

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LEST it might be dull for you in New York and you might have to attend the same place more than once, the young season has inaugurated several new after-the-theatre, or otherwise, restaurants, for you.

The most important and swagger is probably the American version of the famous *Ciro's* "of London, Paris and Monte Carlo," this transplanted bit of Old World smartness having opened its doors to the public last month at 141 West Fifty-sixth Street.

A special setting in Spanish Renaissance has been created for the background, and Peggy and Cortez, Cobian and his Ciro Argentines and Ben Bernie's Orchestra are the entertainment features. Peggy and Cortez, fresh from European triumphs, are offering a tango said to have delighted the Prince of Wales abroad, and which is expected to introduce the tango dance vogue to America.

Charles Cobian with his Argentines, who have been imported directly from the Paris *Ciro's,* will furnish the music for the dancing of Cortez and Peggy and will play incidental music between the offerings of Ben Bernie and his orchestra, who will give you the real jazz for your dancing. Of course what with the radio, the records and the Keith Circuit, we don't have to explain who, which or what the Ben Bernie Orchestra is, do we? When Mr. Bernie ever sleeps we don't know, since besides his vaudeville appearances, he starts the dinner hour at The Roosevelt, goes on to the Knickerbocker Grill to take the baton from his brother for an hour or so, and winds up at *Ciro's,* playing till the early morning.

AS to other features of *Ciro's,* if you knew the genial Louis Cantone, of the old Palais Royal, who is host there, you will know the quality of the food—guaranteed an epicure's delight—the management and the atmosphere in general. Altogether *Ciro's* looks like a pretty good bill!

Down in The Village, Barney Gallant, of Village fame, has opened a new place. No, that's hardly exact. Rather has he taken over that old haunt, *Bertolotti's,* underneath the curve of the elevated on Third Street, and popular for so many years not only with Villagers, but with up-towners. The place will be called *Barney's,* as Mr. Gallant wishes to avoid any suggestion in the name of a typical night-club atmosphere, which does not necessarily mean, however, that there will be early closing hours. We imagine *Barney's* will be a very nice, comfortable spot in which to drop down for easy and spontaneous conversation, and that you will see many interesting professional people of all sorts. Barney knows how to collect his crowd.

Also new, and quite one of the most delightful places to dance in the Village, is the *Winter Inn,* a flight of stairs down at the corner of Christopher Street and Greenwich Avenue, and just a few paces away from the Eighth Street station of the "L."

IT is a reconstructed cellar, long and low, entirely red-brick lined, lit with becoming orange-shaded lights and full of more cozy nooks and corners for retiring between dances than you could shake a stick at. Charlie Reed, who started "The Purple Pup," the first of the euphoniously named Village places, is its interesting host, while the chef is studying engineering in his spare time and the dish-washer shows signs of musical genius—if you think that helps the food any. Certainly there was no fault to be found with the "English Monkeys," the "Cheese Dreams" (specialties of the place) and the hot chocolate and coffee that some of us had on a cold evening recently, cozy around a table in front of one of the open fires, with the familiar black cat purring us luck alongside the hearth.

Luncheon, or afternoon tea, runs along sans dancing, which commences only at the seven-o'clock dinner hour, lasting through till the morning. During the evening hours you are not encouraged if you are waifs and strays of either sex. Charlie Reed insists that you shall come paired, male and female, at that time, whether in twos or fours. And, anyway, it is a spot essentially for those really interested in each other.

Before or after the Winter Inn it might amuse you to look in at the little *Triangle Theatre,* that tiniest of playhouses nestling under the sidewalk at Eleventh Street and Seventh Avenue, where after two decades the famous play of a former generation, *Uncle Tom's Cabin,* is being revived. We have not attended the performance ourself, so we can't give you any exact details, but we hear reports that it is most entertaining. And, of

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THE VANITY BOX

By ANNE ARCHBALD

YOU should see them crowding the box-office of Lenore Ulric's new play, *The Harem,* at the Belasco Theatre, of which crowders we were among the earliest.

We had not only the urge of the average theatregoer to see the invincible combination of Ulric and a Belasco production, but a special technical interest because of the part we understood that a perfume played in the plot. A part, it was suggested, that might be played in the plot of any woman's life.

Certainly we thought, after seeing the play, the incident bore thinking about.

In as few words as possible, since Mr. Hornblow has reviewed the play elsewhere, this is what happens: Carla (Lenore Ulric) has drenched a passing—and fair—stranger (Virginia Hammond) in a zeal for watering her flower-boxes. Full of apologies, she insists on bringing the fair one up into the apartment, where she takes her frock to be dried and gives the lady her own negligée to don. . . They chat for a space, until Carla goes to see whether the frock is dry. . . Enter the husband (William Courtenay), . . and seeing a familiar negligée and a coiffure similar to his wife's, he advances from behind, folds the stranger in his arms . . and kisses her. Presto! The fat is in the fire, and the plot goes on speedily from there to the end.

And what, *mes enfants,* has speeded it up so considerably is the little fact of the stranger's perfume. The husband insists that he must positively see her again. Though up to the previous moment the most concentrated of husbands, he explains to the best friend whose aid he has invoked, the kiss, *along with the perfume,* has got into his blood. "And," suggests the friend, "is it that your wife uses no perfume?" "Ah, yes," responds the husband, "but she has used the same one so long that I no longer notice it!"

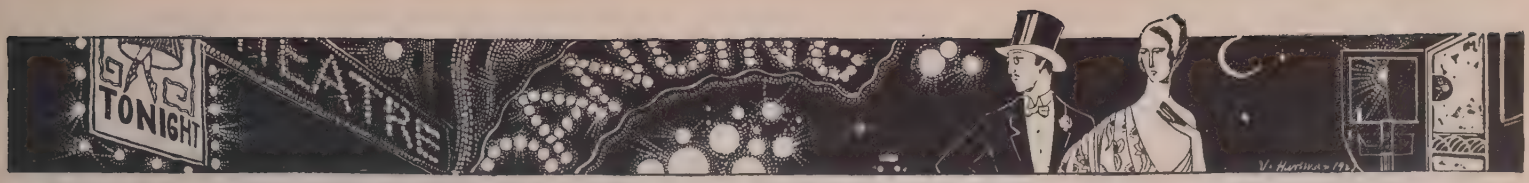
And right here, my little friends, you may draw your moral, the psychology of the situation being summed up later by the cynical if fascinating stranger to the effect that all men are Turks, and that it is necessary to give them a new harem continually. . . Sometimes, she concludes, it may take the form of a new gown, . . "sometimes a new perfume is enough. . . These are all charming variations on the melody of love."

Going behind the scenes after the matinée to pay Miss Ulric a little visit, we found her still in the lovely pink frock of the last act, and sat down to chat a minute over the perfume episode.

Miss Ulric was quite of a mind with the observations of the fascinating stranger in the play. She didn't believe that a woman should adopt but one perfume and, forsaking all others, cleave only unto that till death did her part. That idea for perfumes was out of date. . . Perfumes were subject to the law of change like everything else, . . and if you used only one continually, it lost its potency not alone for the people you were with, whether husband or sweetheart or friends, but for yourself as well. And she thought perfumes were meant to make their wearer peppy and happy as much as others. . . Can you imagine using a perfume you didn't like? she said.

And that led us to ask if Mr. Courtenay had to play from memory or imagination, or whether he was provided with an actual perfume to sniff. And Miss Ulric said, No, . . how amusing of us to ask. . . because, just for fun, they had really furnished him with one . . her latest discovery it happened to be . . a new and fascinating French odor, alluring and Oriental, though in the spicy rather than the musky sense. . . She had it not only in the essence, but for her face-powder and her bath-powder and tablets. . . It was a marvelous perfume, and they were all mad about it.

For the name of the alluring new French perfume mentioned by Miss Ulric, write The Vanity Box, care the THEATRE MAGAZINE, *2 West 45th Street, New York City.*



AUTHORS

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course, *The Triangle* has always an engaging atmosphere of its own. Its presentation of *Uncle Tom* may be our generation's last opportunity to see this celebrated old war horse, which has become such a landmark in the nation's history.

Coming up-town let us call your attention to *The Arcadia,* at Fifty-third Street and Broadway, which started life a short time back as just a dancing place for the public in general, but has acquired quite a vogue lately among people who know—and go. They go in no spirit of slumming either. For after all, though much can be said for the small and exclusive places, still something must be added, when it comes to the matter of dancing, in favor of a place where you can really move around. And the Ray Miller Orchestra at *The Arcadia* is one of America's best, alternating, at the moment of writing, with the University of Pennsylvania Orchestra, composed of U. of P. men, either grads. or still commuting students. Other university orchestras will take their turn during the winter at *The Arcadia,* playing in competitive measures for a popularity prize.

MONDAY is the night to drop in there, making up a small party of one's own if possible. Claims Mr. Managing Director Faggen, "Here blue Monday takes on a rosy hue."

In the up-town region, and not entirely new, but interesting in its own exotic way, is Ka Lamao O Hawaii, on Forty-ninth Street, west of Fifth Avenue, where a real and delicious Hawaiian dinner is served. Add it to your list of international eating places. You get a soup, an amazingly good curry, with a condiment tray offering a great variety of the seasonings necessary, and a true island curry dinner—fried bananas, pineapple salad and other good things. The softly lighted and charmingly decorated rooms are done in Hawaiian colorings. And if you wish to carry away some of the atmosphere and food to have a little Hawaiian dinner in your home, straw mats for the table and ingredients for the different dishes may be obtained through this restaurant. The curry powders go with a special guarantee and recipes for sauces, Lomi-Lomi and other Hawaiian dishes will be given on request.

MAURICE and the lovely Leonora Hughes are still dancing at *The Trocadero,* on Fifty-second Street. That is "all you need to know," as a well-known poet once said, though hardly in connection with after-the-theatre cabarets, being some before their time.

However, as additional description, we pass on to you for what it is worth the remark of our young escort to *The Trocadero,* who lives in Paris when he isn't vacationing in New York. He looked around the room as soon as we were seated, he nodded to friends, he pointed out "There's So-and-So, . . that's Such and Such." . . And then he turned with a smile and said, "Isn't it fun! It's almost identically the same as the spring crowd in Paris at The Ritz."

In the early fall, in speaking of *The Shelton Hotel,* we expressed our astonishment that the first two floors, that is the reception and dining, rooms of that delightful hostelry, gave such free passage to women. And hardly had we come out with this than *The Shelton,* originally built only for men, announced further that it would also reserve two floors for women for living or transient accommodation. We can't quite figure out at the exact minute of writing what this proves, but it would seem to point to a distinct weakening of the enemy in the battle of the sexes. And *The Shelton* was too lovely a place for men to have all to themselves. We understand that even that gorgeous pool—probably the most esthetically and natatorially satisfying pool in captivity—has its feminine hours now!

ANNE ARCHBALD.

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Impending Broadway Openings As We Go To Press

The Valley of Content. A play by Blanche Upright, with Marjorie Rambeau.

The Comic Supplement. A revue sponsored by Ziegfeld. Music by Con Conrad and Harry Souvaine, with Martha Bryan Allen.

The Stork. Comedy from the Hungarian of Fodor Lazsio, adapted by Ben Hecht, with Katherine Alexander and Geoffrey Kerr.

Maurice De Feraudy in French repertory.

Starlight. A play by Gladys Unger, with Doris Keane.

The Marionette Man. Melodrama by Frances Lightner, with C. Henry Gordon and Marion Ballou.

Her Majesty. Operetta with Tschaikowsky music, with Greek Evans and Mae Collins.

Primrose. Musical comedy. Book by Guy Bolton and Fred Thompson, music and lyrics by Ira and George Gershwin, with Basil Durant and Kendall Lee.

TO PLAYWRIGHTS
Many plays are written that lack expert revision. Many with merit never get into the proper channels.
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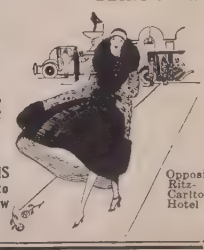
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MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(*Continued from page* 19)

trend in *Hell-Bent fer Heaven,* kept on soaring in *Bewitched* and now has a plump rôle in this Guild play. This actor, however, has still much to learn about acting and needs toning down considerably.

Charles Kennedy, as the Irish priest, and Charles Tazewell, as the glib-tongued medical man, add much to the success of the production.

Quarantine

Comedy in three acts by F. Tennyson Jesse. Produced by Wagner and Selwyn at Henry Miller's Theatre on Dec. 16, with the following cast:

Mrs. Burroughs, Jennie Dickerson; Miss Larpent, Mary Scott Seton; Silent Passenger, Percy Ames; Mr. Burroughs, William Postance; Mr. Dobson, Phil Bishop; Lola De La Corte, Olga Olonova; Tony Blunt, Sidney Blackmer; Steward, A. P. Kaye; Doctor, Bernard A. Reinold; Pinsent, Beryl Mercer; Dinah Partlett, Helen Hayes; Waiter, Edward Eliscu; Pamela Josephs, Kay Laurel; Mackintosh Josephs, Charles Esdale.

IF this charming, breezy little comedy did nothing more than demonstrate that Helen Hayes can play other rôles than simpering Polyanna heroines, it was distinctly worth while. In point of fact, the piece not only proves once more that Miss Hayes, given a part, can act, but it furnishes an evening of excellent entertainment at the theatre as well.

After flirting outrageously with Tony Blunt, Pamela, a married woman, consents to elope with the débonair bachelor. In fact, she suggests it. She will go on board the ship just before sailing and at once retire to a stateroom previously engaged. But Dinah (Helen Hayes), discovering the intrigue, and not wholly disinterested in Tony herself, determines to save Pamela's reputation by delaying that lady's departure and going on board the steamer herself.

The substitution is soon discovered, and Tony, after his first explosion of amused astonishment, pretends to punish the now frightened Dinah by introducing her to all on board as his wife. She cannot deny the relationship, for has she not come on board under his name and occupied his cabin? Towards the end of the voyage the passengers get a shock. An epidemic is feared. The ship is quarantined, this involving a week's enforced residence on a lonely island.

There is only one small bungalow, which the newly married couple must occupy. The young girl's frantic efforts to prevent further disaster and Tony's grim resolve to get even with her are productive of some excellent comedy. Of course, both by this time are head over heels in love with each other. Pamela is forgotten and the play ends with marriage bells.

Sidney Blackmer, an agreeable, gentlemanly player, whose characterizations, although invariably sympathetic and pleasing, are always marred by a monotonous delivery and stiff, artificial manner, played Tony in his usually slow, deliberate style.

Beryl Mercer was excellent as the comedy maid. Kay Laurel had not much to do as Pamela, but that little was well done.

Quarantine is a winner. You can safely put it on the list of things you must see.

The Sap

Comedy in three acts by William A. Grew. Produced by George H. Nicolai and Jack M. Welch at the Apollo Theatre on December 15, with the following cast:

William (Bill) Small, Raymond Hitchcock; Betty Small, Miriam Sears; Edward Mason, Norval Keedwell; Jane Mason, Doris Eaton; Kate Camden, Peggy Allenby; James Belden, A. H. Vanburen; Messenger Boy, James Gleason; Felix, Russell Johnstone.

IN a curtain speech at the opening of this new comedy by William A Grew, Raymond Hitchcock playfully pokes fun at his new starring vehicle. He kids about an early closing. The joke may be on him. For it surely will never make a longevity record. This is a weak attempt to create another *Show-Off,* something which simply can't be done. The show-off was a bombastic youth, the people surrounding him genuine middle-class humans. The sap is nothing else but just that—a sap, a moron permitted to run around loose. The middle-class relatives who surround him are unnaturally shrewish creatures, who do little else but scream at each other.

The beginning and the end is as clear as a May morning. Every one knows that the sap, after two acts of idiocy, will put over something brilliant in the last act. He does. And the family stops nagging him and crowns him king of the domestic hearth.

This is supposed to be a comedy, but the lines are not funny, the humor entirely absent and the pathos, so necessary to a successful comedy, is forced and unrealistic.

Raymond Hitchcock as the sap is simply Raymond Hitchcock. His rôle doesn't give him a chance to be funny on the strength of it, but, to his admirers, he is funny on his own account. His drolleries and mannerisms will always delight this contingent. In the unsatisfactory rôles of feeders to the star, who always has center stage, the remaining members of the cast lend as whole-hearted support as can be expected from them under the circumstances.

The Mongrel

Play in three acts by Herman Bahr, adapted by Elmer L. Rice. Produced by Warren P. Munsell at the Longacre Theatre on December 15, with the following cast:

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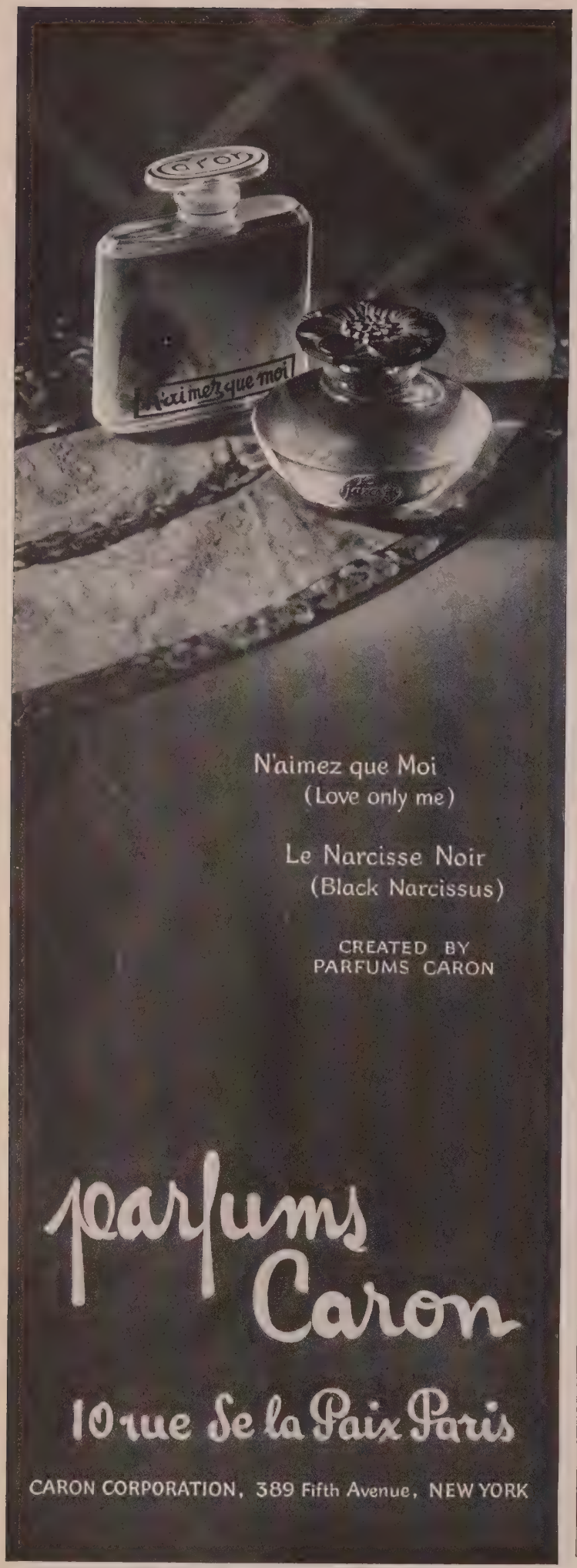

The Justice, Maurice Colbourne; The Doctor, W. T. Clark; Attendant, Maurice Bernard; The Forester, Carl Anthony; Marie, Ernita Lascelles; Strasser, Max Montesole; Mathias, Rudolph Schildkraut; The Priest, Peter Lang; Lois, John F. Hamilton; The Aunt, Alice Belmore Cliffe; Kasper, George L. Fogle; Katie, May Berland.

TO call this creation of Herman Bahr's a play is to employ a misnomer. A play is made up of meatier dramatic material than this. This superficial bit of writing on the subject of a man's love for his dog would do for a short story. The adaptation of Bahr's play from the German is made by Elmer L. Rice. It is translated by Frances C. Fay and staged by Winifred Lenihan. But this triumvirate which dealt with its reincarnation cannot be blamed for its shortcomings. Bahr's *Mongrel* must have been pretty thin play stuff at the start.

An old road mender's dog is shot by an irate forester. The judge of the local court orders the forester to pay the road mender a certain sum of money, but the crotchety old man has a justice phobia, and feels that he must revenge the death of his beloved dog, companion of his lonely old age. So he tries to strangle the forester's daughter, fails, is forgiven, and that's all there is to the entertainment.

The mythical dog is like the unseen stage baby of many plays, over whom the audience is supposed to weep. Even in Rudolph Schildkraut's big moments, when he grieves over his dead dog and caresses its imaginary head, the pathos of such a situation is missing. Mr. Schildkraut, at times, played with fine realism, particularly in the scenes with his vagabond grandson, a rôle played by John F. Hamilton, a young actor of much promise, who handled so well the Uriah Heep rôle in *Hell-Bent fer Heaven.* Ernita Lascelles plays with womanly understanding the part of the forester's daughter, though there is something so English about her accent and manner that it destroyed the illusion that she is a young German girl. This was true also in the case of Alice Belmore Cliffe, the girl's aunt, and Maurice Colbourne, the judge.

Candida

Comedy in three acts by Bernard Shaw. Revived by the Actors' Theatre at the Forty-eighth Street Theatre December 12, with this cast:

Miss Proserpine Garnett, Clare Eames; Rev. James Mayor Morell, Pedro De Cordoba; Rev. Alexander Mill, Gerald Hamer; Mr. Burgess, Ernest Cossart; Candida, Katharine Cornell; Eugene Marchbanks, Richard Bird.

A PLAY such as *Candida* and a production such as the Actors' Theatre has given it, shows what the theatre might become under ideal circumstances. Intelligence in the writing, in the acting and in the staging is a rare combination, and that this organization of players has been able to obtain it at these special matinées is a happy omen for the future.

Nothing more can be said at this date about *Candida* itself except to re-state that it is Shaw's masterpiece and perhaps the only play in which that super-cynic's characters attain reality as men and women. The present revival makes this fact superbly apparent. Both as to *ensemble* and individual performances it is a production worthy of any theatre in the world, not excepting the famous Moscow Art Theatre.

The tenderness, the poetry, the supreme womanliness of Katharine Cornell's impersonation of the title part puts this actress a notch ahead of anything she has yet attempted and quite makes up for her recent shortcomings in *Tiger Cats.* It is an impersonation touched by the wand of genius.

Pedro De Cordoba's Morell has a worthy companion. Mr. De Cordoba brought out the romantic flavor of the character which most actors have neglected, thereby intensifying its innate pathos without destroying the realism. It was a difficult task superbly accomplished.

Clare Eames, as the one and only Proserpine, was an unalloyed delight, done with a wonderful economy of means, an etching at once mordant and appealing. Gerald Hamer was equally delightful as the Curate—a portrait as real as it was whimsical. The Burgess of Ernest Cossart was a masterpiece of unctious vulgarity which struck exactly the right note and was never burlesqued.

Only to the Marchbanks of Richard Bird could any possible exception be taken, and yet this, according to Mr. Bird's conception, was admirably played. Perhaps most of us visualized a poet a little less hysterical, a little more attractive physically, but this is after all a matter of personal taste. There is in Shaw's printed directions abundant justification for Mr. Bird's conception.

The play was produced by Dudley Digges, and by it Mr. Digges proves himself worthy of a high place among living stage directors.

Irving's Joke on Himself

Irving loved to jest—even when the joke was on himself. Says Haldane MacFall: "His indeed was the heartiest laughter when his old friend Toole told the story that he dreamed that he was dead and had ascended to the gates of Heaven, but Saint Peter sternly refused him entrance, saying: 'Mr. Toole, no actors are admitted here.'

"As he stood shivering in the bitter cold without, the comedian reasoned with Peter, saying his friend Irving had been allowed to enter Paradise—he had seen it in the evening papers—and *he* was an actor. But Peter shook his head. 'No,' he said, 'Irving *thought* he was an actor, but he was not.' . . ."—From *Sir Henry Irving,* by Haldane MacFall.

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SCREEN SETTING FOR "TWELFTH NIGHT"

(*Continued from page* 42)

some old electrical conduit which has been lying around the proverbial seven years, and it is forthwith incorporated into the light frames to clamp the auto spotlights to.

Two of the frames being complete, the manual-training teacher brings up the embarrassing question of how they are to be persuaded to remain upright. It is conceded that bracing will be necessary, particularly in the neighborhood of amateur entrances and exits, but stage braces, cleats and stage screws are ruled out on account of expense. However, we are finally allowed half a dozen stage screws if we will make the braces of one by two-inch lumber, screw-eyes and screw-hooks—and substitute hooks and eyes for cleats and ropes.

THE tormentor and light frames are at last ready for erection and the steel curtain wire is attached, when it becomes apparent that even the weight of the light curtaining provided by the art teacher would pull frames and all into most undignified positions. The frame being hinged together, however, suggests hinging them also to the floor. Then the wire is laid along the top of the tormentor frame—stapled to prevent slipping off—and pulled taut with some ten-cent-store turnbuckles fastened to the floor at the foot of the screens. Some dark-colored porch curtain cord, ten cents' worth of pulleys, a little experimenting, and the drapes are ready to operate.

For some of the cut-outs the cardboard at school is too small, but the father of one of the boys obtains a wholesale price on some light-weight wall-board, which is forthwith cut to pattern and strengthened with one by two-inch braces.

AT last everything is ready and set and we give a sigh of relief, not realizing that the most important work is yet to be done. The actual working out of the lighting proves to be the most baffling and fascinating phase of the entire work. We find that considerable light-weight cardboard is required to form masking to properly concentrate our spotlights, and that we have to trail with them all over the stage at levels ranging from zero to eight feet in order to distribute the light as desired. The final result, however, rather profits in artistic effect from our limitations, for we are forced to concentrate where light is needed to illuminate the action, thus introducing inadvertently one of the most essential but none too much appreciated elements of stage pictorial composition—shadow.

Let's pretend that the lighting is accomplished to our satisfaction and describe the scenes as they occur the night of the performance. As the curtain parts for the first scene we seem plunged into darkness after the harsh overhead light of the hall, but our eyes soon become accustomed to the soft lighting and the figures, accented with a blue spotlight, are quite sufficiently plain against the dark background. A light on the floor at both sides of the rear, focused against the plaster and covered with deep-blue gelatine, contours the sea line, while the rock cut-outs stand out clearly enough in the reflected light.

THE next scene is rich in color. Red and amber bathe the Duke in a "sweet and mellifluous" light, the courtiers on the other side of the stage are in reds and blues for contrast, and the background in blue-purple.

Light for the drinking scene consists of red, blue, and amber spotting of the table, kept off the screens as much as possible. Greenish blue light from the floor onto the plaster silhouettes the diamond panes.

In the street scene the amber light is localized in front, being kept clear of the screens, but illuminating the action.

Olivia's Garden is colorful again, both benches being well spotlit in amber.

The dungeon is lit by but one spot of deep greenish amber placed in the center front on the floor and focused only on the window, causing weird shadows of the frenzied Malvolio to dance on the plaster wall behind.

LASTLY, the scene before the gate is flooded with warm colors in the center of the stage and the gate is patterned by canary light flooding the plaster wall behind. The action ends; and as the happy couples and their attendants leave, the lights in front dim—we see now what the physics instructor meant by "resistances"—until there is left but the canary light behind the gates, which also dims into a rosier hue as the fool closes them and, leaning against the side of the opening, takes up his lute and begins, "When that I was a little tiny boy——" As the song comes to a close the curtains softly intervene, leaving us with the picture of the fool dimly silhouetted against the pattern of the gate—the fool typifying Shakespeare's sage folly and the gate symbolizing its deathlessness in futurity or—well—"what you will"!

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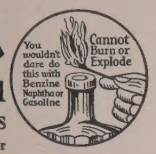

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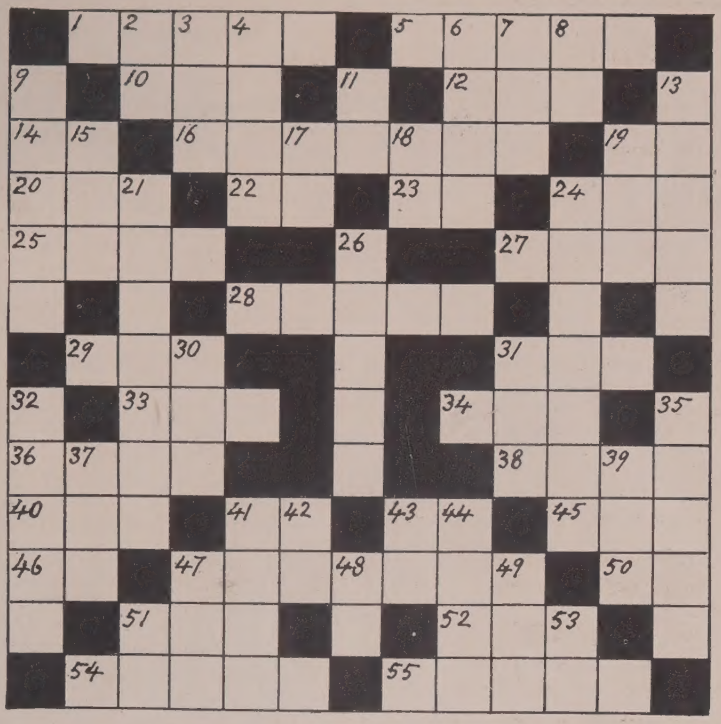
Theatre Magazine's Cross-Word Puzzle

By William P. Scott



HORIZONTAL

1. Two.
5. Pertaining to ancient Scandinavian.
10. Terminate.
12. A marble.
14. Part of the day.
16. Shortage.
19. Short for mother.
20. Female of the species.
22. Mountain (abr.).
23. Old style (abr.) seventeenth century.
24. Incalculable period.
25. Internal.
27. Egress.
28. Peevish.
29. To hold a session.
31. Old World evergreen tree.
33. Enclosed seat.
34. Encysted tumor.
36. Italian city.
38. British peninsula and seaport of Arabia.
40. Points of compass.
41. Call to excite attention.
43. Prefix.
45. Surface soil.
46. Roman Catholic (abr.).
47. Golden.
50. Negative.
51. Hostelry.
52. Antiquated.
54. Japan seaport.
55. Vegetable.

VERTICAL

2. Pronoun.
3. Conjunctive.
4. "The same."
6. Name of well-known elevator.
7. Rodent.
8. Point of compass.
9. Modern invention.
11. Island near N. Y. (abr.).
13. Italian poet.
15. Day of week (abr.).
17. Foot (abr.).
18. Business concern (abr.).
19. Me (French).
21. Oblong figure bounded by a regular curve.
24. Lengthens.
26. Verbal expressions.
30. A beverage.
31. Affirmative vote.
32. Mimicry.
35. To bestow.
37. Denoting a corporation.
39. An age.
41. Large piece.
42. Corresponds to "either."
43. Musical note.
44. English college.
47. Prefix and suffix.
48. A prefix.
49. Name by which a famous college is known.
51. Part of the verb "to be."
53. Execute.

A cross-word puzzle concerning the theatre and the stage will be published in the March issue. If you enjoy these puzzles, please let us hear from you so we may know whether or not to continue them.

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